Property Of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pasadena, California

40415

Saturday Review

July 6, 1963 25¢

RESEARCH
CE & HUMANITY

IS MAGNETISM THE KEY TO LIFE'S ORIGIN ON EARTH?

By John Lear

HOW TO AVOID A RACE RIOT

By Arthur I. Waskow

HORACE SUTTON IN RUMANIA

Transylvanian Twirlers
Doing the Hatzegane ▶

BASSOR COLLEGE LIBRY
S GROVE ST
SADENA CALIF
60214-5 358-454

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First name in photography is "Kodak"

Kodak
RETINA REFLEX III
Made in Germany
Schneider - Kreuznach 7580277
Retina-Xenon f:1.9/50mm
Retina-Curtagon f:2.8/35mm Schneider - Kreuznach 7553971
Retina-Tele-Arton f:4/85mm Schneider - Kreuznach 7008926
Retina-Xenar f:2.8/50mm Schneider - Kreuznach 7468008
Retina-Curtagon f:4/28mm Schneider - Kreuznach 7482425
Tele-Xenar f:4/135mm Schneider - Kreuznach

The last word is "Retina"

Kodak Retina 35mm cameras are among the finest in the world. Yet, along with their great precision, they provide an ease of use rarely found in cameras of this class. The KODAK RETINA Reflex III Camera has full-area ground glass through-the-lens viewing that lets you compose life-size and right side up. Shutter settings go up to an action-freezing 1/500 of a second. Six optional lenses let you shoot from extreme wide-angle to 200mm telephoto. And your dealer's demonstration will tell you even more! That's the KODAK RETINA Reflex III . . . from less than $230. Others from less than $140.

Prices subject to change without notice. EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kodak
TRADEMARK

A remarkable offer from America's most rewarding book club

ANY 3 BOOKS FREE

PLUS 1 OR MORE BOOKS FOR $2.95—REGARDLESS OF REGULAR RETAIL PRICES

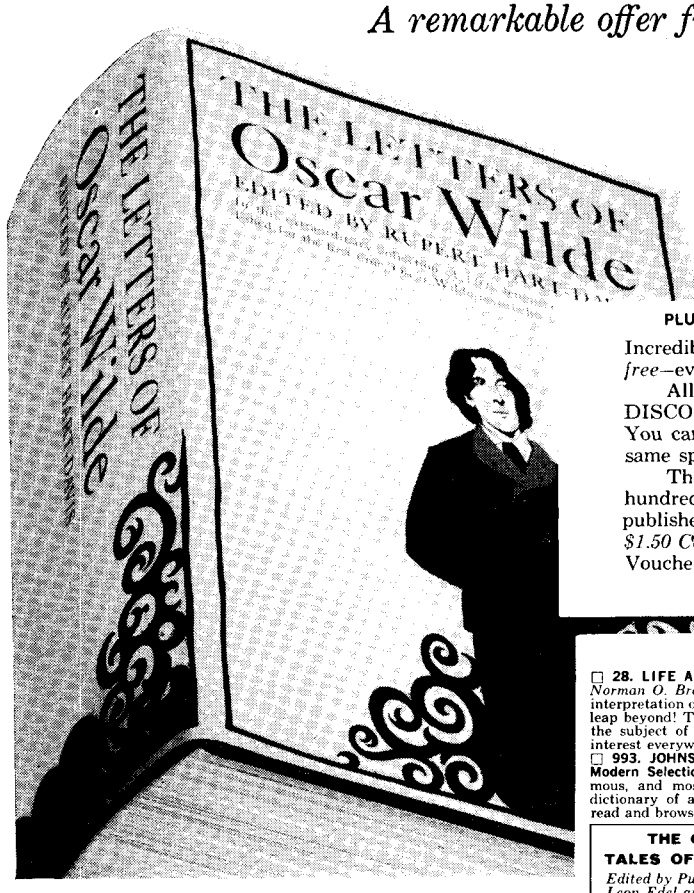


Illustration is only about 1/3 actual size

Incredible though it may seem, we'll send you *any* 3 of these extraordinary books *free*—even if one of your 3 choices is the monumental $15 *Letters of Oscar Wilde!*

All you need do is order one or more other books, now, at a Special EXTRA-DISCOUNT price—only $2.95 for any book listed below *regardless of its retail price!* You can even order *more* than one of these books—as many as you wish—at this same special price [$2.95] . . . so long as you do so on the enrollment form below.

Thereafter, any time during the coming year, you need buy only four of the hundreds of new books to be offered to members, at savings averaging 50% under publisher's regular retail prices! [Besides outright discounts you also earn one or more *$1.50 Cash Bonus Vouchers* for each and every book you purchase. Moreover, these Vouchers can be exchanged immediately—*at any time*—for books of your choice.]

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER FROM THE LIST BELOW

☐ **178. THE LETTERS OF OSCAR WILDE.** This "great cathedral of a book" is a massive adornment to any library. 1,098 letters, *many published for the first time*—and including the first *full* text of *De Profundis* [originally written to Lord Alfred "Bosie" Douglas]—reveal Wilde as one of the greatest correspondents in the English language. This book *by* Wilde is also unquestionably the best book *about* Wilde. 958 pp. Profusely illustrated.

PUBLISHERS RETAIL PRICE $15.00

WHAT YOU RECEIVE as a new trial member

To introduce you to the unique benefits of belonging to America's most rewarding book club.

- **WE GIVE YOU** the extraordinary offer described in this announcement—together with one or more books at the EXTRA-Discount Price for New Members also listed herein.
- **50% SAVINGS — AND MORE!** You save an average 50% under publishers' prices on any future selections you accept, too!
- **CASH BONUS VOUCHERS:** *On top of the outright discounts* on the club's selections, you also earn at least one—sometimes more—*$1.50 Bonus Vouchers* with each and every book you purchase. These *$1.50 Vouchers* can be applied immediately—at any time—towards other books of your choice.
- **FREE SUBSCRIPTION** to "The Mid-Century" Magazine bringing you advance reviews of new books being published each month.
- **DISTINGUISHED RECOMMENDATIONS** of books to both read and *keep* [no fall-apart paperbacks] in every subject-category—books for pleasure, for profit, for reference . . . books for the many interests, many needs, many appetites, many sides of the men and women of America's "New Renaissance" . . . the best *novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories, erotica*—and many more.
- **PROFIT SHARING:** In short, because of the pooled purchasing power of all the Society's members, it is possible and feasible for the Society to order books in large quantities—and to share profits with members in the form of the sensationally *lower prices* and the *Cash Bonus Vouchers*. The net result is that you as a member, can now buy outstanding first-run books—in publishers' regular *cloth*-bound editions [not cardboard-bound "cheapies"] for your permanent library—for little more than you'd pay even for throw-away paperbacks!
- **EXTRA DISCOUNTS NOW:** You may also have an *additional* books in this announcement at the EXTRA-Discount Price for *new* members listed herein—so long as you place your order now, at the same time you accept this trial membership offer. Because many of these books are in short supply, fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days.

Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the enrollment slip — and mail without delay.

☐ **28. LIFE AGAINST DEATH** *by Norman O. Brown.* A profound new interpretation of Freud—and a daring leap beyond! This important work is the subject of intensely-accelerating interest everywhere. *Retail $6.50.*

☐ **993. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY: A Modern Selection** from the most famous, and most wickedly personal, dictionary of all time. A delight to read and browse. *Retail $6.50.*

THE COMPLETE TALES OF HENRY JAMES

Edited by Pulitzer Prize Winner Leon Edel and including James' works never before in book form

☐ **996. TALES OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD [1864-68].** Henry James' earliest works, written in his early and middle twenties [11 short stories, 430 pp.] *Retail $5.95.*

☐ **997. TALES OF HIS LATE TWENTIES [1868-72].** 8 short-stories [446 pp.] written after his return home from Europe. *Retail $5.95.*

☐ **207. THE CRADLE OF EROTICA.** A close, shocking scrutiny of a sexual freedom all but unknown to the West; the *whole range* of sexual practices of Afro-Asian peoples . . . orgiastic rites of sexual cults . . . bisexuality . . . homosexuality . . . sadomasochism . . . sexual fatalism . . . the encouraged erotic practices of children . . . and other "curious" aspects of human sexuality. Shedding, as it does, bright new light on the meaning of "normal" vs. "abnormal," there is no comparable work in existence. *Retail $9.50.*

☐ **129. VAN GOGH: A SELF PORTRAIT.** *W. H. Auden's* masterful condensation of the $50 three-volume set. Here, in Van Gogh's own letters and paintings is the mind, soul and vision of this tormented genius. Includes 36 little-known Van Gogh paintings, drawings and sketches, many in color. *Retail $10.00.*

☐ **176. THE DEADLOCK OF DEMOCRACY** *by James MacGregor Burns.* The sensational new book revealing that in reality there are *four* political parties whose continual conflicts result in deadlock and drift in American policy. The most important book on American politics in a decade. *Retail $5.95.*

☐ **212. THE BIRTHDAY KING** *by Gabriel Fielding.* The distinguished new novel on the horrible fate of a part-Jewish, Roman Catholic family—in Germany—between 1939 and 1946. *Retail $5.95.*

☐ **169. THE WESTERN: From Silents to Cinerama.** A lavishly-illustrated account of the most American of film art forms. All the magic names from William S. Hart to *High Noon*. *Retail $12.50.*

☐ **149. A WORLD ON THE WANE.** Perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually-uninhibited primitive culture. Includes 48 pp. of "raw" photos. *Retail $12.50.*

JAMES BALDWIN on the NEGRO IN AMERICA

☐ **205. THE FIRE NEXT TIME.** Best-seller Baldwin bares his soul—on the NAACP, the Black Muslims, and the rise of Negro power in the U.S. Here is the book that is lighting fire under both black and white America. *Retail $3.50.*

☐ **195. BLACK MAN IN AMERICA.** In this deeply-moving *recording*, Baldwin recollects his childhood—and his painful steps to status as a great writer in a white man's world. *Retail $3.98.*

☐ **163. ANOTHER COUNTRY.** The famous novel that propelled Baldwin, virtually overnight, to the top rank of American writers. A gripping, frightening, message told as a tale of sex-without-love between . . . black and white . . . man and woman . . . and man and man. *Retail $5.95.*

☐ **192. THOMAS MANN: THE "JOSEPH" TETRALOGY.** A 1200-page single-volume edition of 4 of Mann's great novels: *The Tales of Jacob, Young Joseph, Joseph in Egypt,* and *Joseph the Provider*. Retail $8.50.

☐ **9 BOSWELL'S *UNEXPURGATED* "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides."** The best of all Boswell journals now offered unexpurgated by virtue of the recent discovery of Boswell's lost papers. *Retail $10.00.*

☐ **83. FOUR SCREENPLAYS OF INGMAR BERGMAN:** *Smiles of a Summer Night, The Seventh Seal, Wild Strawberries* and *The Magician*. Profusely illustrated with scenes from the films. *Retail $6.00.*

A PICTURE HISTORY OF PICTURES: 549 FULL COLOR PLATES

☐ **193. A CONCISE HISTORY OF PAINTING from Giotto to Cezanne.** Recommended as the best single-volume art history of its size and price. Easily the equal of many selling for fifteen dollars and more. *Retail $7.50.*

☐ **998. THE FIRST WORLD WAR: A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY** *by Laurence Stallings.* The appalling "sights, sounds and smells" of *"The Guns of August"* through *"1918; The Last Act"*—as only the camera can re-create them. The definitive picture history of the War to End Wars. *Retail $7.50.*

☐ **135. THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.** Leonardo's mind, as revealed through 132 illustrations in color and monochrome and his own brilliant writings, supplemented by Andre Chastel's perceptive interpretations. *Retail $12.50.*

The GERMAN "CATCH-22"

☐ **181. THE OFFICER FACTORY** *by Hans Hellmut Kirst.* Set in a Nazi officers' training school in 1944, this great new novel presents an intimate picture of the behind-the-scenes chaos of Hitler's Third Reich in a series of gripping events that range from nerve-tearing tragedy to high comedy. [502 pp.] *Retail $6.50.*

THE COLOR SLIDE BOOKS OF THE WORLD'S ART

Here is the best means [color transparencies] of viewing great art outside the world's great museums. *Each* of the following sets includes [a] 24 color slides, [b] book of explanatory text and [c] hand slide viewer:

☐ **994. IMPRESSIONIST PAINTING.** *Retail $8.95.*

☐ **995. DUTCH PAINTING.** *Retail $8.95.*

Mail to: **THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY,** 115 East 31st Street, N.Y. 16, N.Y. SR-32

Enroll me as a trial member. Also send me the 3 FREE books indicated below—billing me only for the one or more other books ordered at the *special new-member price* of only $2.95 each.

My only obligation is to buy four more selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be available at average savings of 50% under the publisher's retail price. [Over and above outright *Discounts*, I am to receive one or more *$1.50 Cash Bonus Vouchers* with each of these purchases.]

[PLEASE INDICATE YOUR CHOICES BELOW BY NUMBER.]

I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS FREE —with New-Member Purchase(s) at the right

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE [$2.95]

Name .....

Address ..... City ..... Zone ..... State .....

PACIFIC LIBRARY BINDING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

"At first glance," writes *The Economist*, "it would not seem possible to write a potential best seller about [such a subject] . . . Yet this is what Dr. Wilson has done." Their comment sums it up for me. John Rowan Wilson's account of the magnificent and yet chilling stories behind the development of the polio vaccines is not the sort of book I expected to read enthralled—but that's exactly what happened when I looked into a set of galleys.

Why? Perhaps because the book is so much more than the usual, "non-fiction" muckracking job. This account of the rise and fall of a disease reveals a punishingly competitive race. Such competitions involve the personalities of doctors, the ambitions of pharmaceutical houses, and the interlocking cross-tensions in science, philanthropy, and government.

Wilson has written a book that will be quoted. His narrative style is exciting and epigrammatic, his mind is philosophic, and rigorously objective. He brings the best of his background to these episodes. The author is a physician-surgeon, the medical director in Britain for an American drug company, and a successful novelist.

This book about Drs. Salk and Sabin (among others), the U. S. Public Health Service, Basil O'Connor and the National Foundation for Poliomyelitis, the health of children and the ideas of P.R.-minded men, is appropriately titled. It's called *Margin of Safety*.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Margin of Safety ($4.95) by John Rowan Wilson is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans 16, La.

Saturday Review
July 6, 1963

SR/IDEAS

8 How to Avoid a Race Riot, by Arthur I. Waskow

11 What Mass Protests Can't Do, by Louis Lomax

14 Not So Fast: An Editorial

SR/SCIENCE

35 Is Magnetism the Key to the Origin of the Earth? by John Lear

41 Eclipse

SR/BOOKS

21 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

21 Index of books reviewed

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory

7 Trade Winds: John G. Fuller on people and puns

13 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi on the Negro in America

15 Letters to the Editor

16 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight on POW films

17 *Antony and Cleopatra* on stage and TV, by Henry Hewes and Robert Lewis Shayon

18 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in Rumania

20 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin reports from London, second of a series from Europe

29 Literary I.Q.

34 Literary Crypt

51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1526

The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVI, No. 27, July 6, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

© 1963 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited.

Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

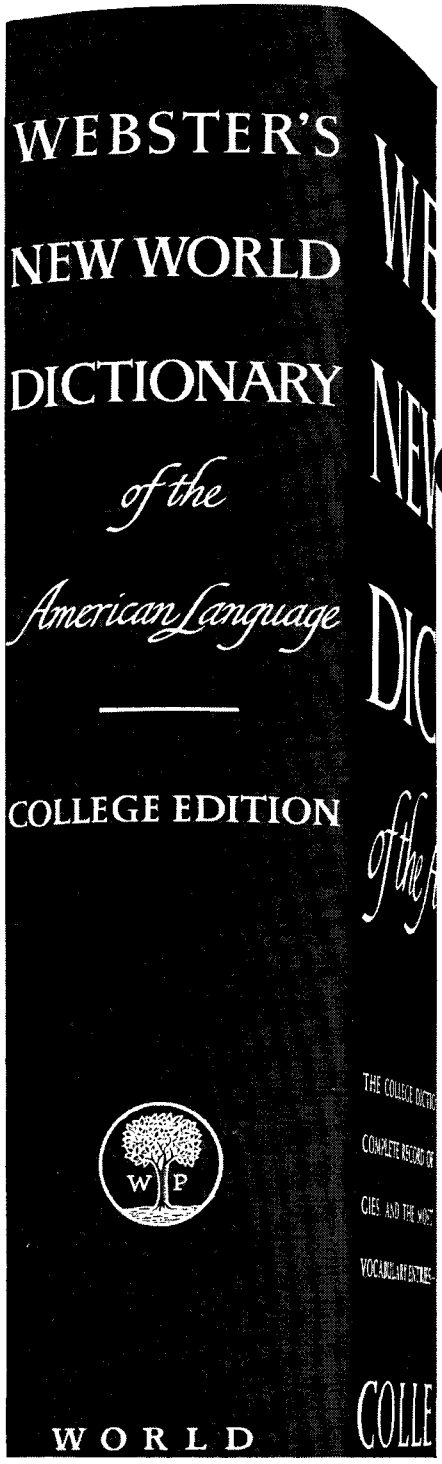
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California.

***CLEARLY* the BEST**

"The Experts' Dictionary"

Used and acclaimed by experts in education, writing, the professions. Approved and used in colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada. The up-to-date dictionary with *clear* definitions, *clear* type, *clear* usage guides. 142,000 entries. $5.75 (thumb-indexed, $6.75).

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York



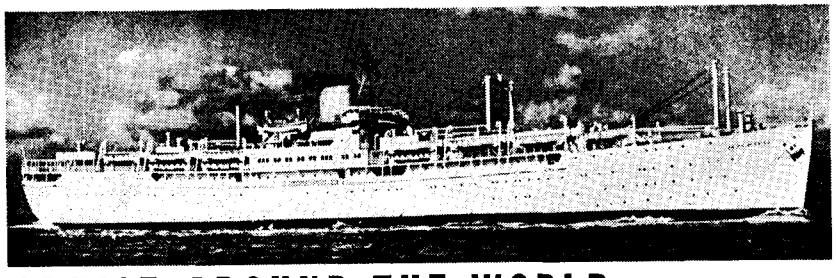
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCITING NEWS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SEVEN SEAS

"TRAVEL, THE GREATEST EDUCATOR"

With The World As Its Campus — Your University Afloat!

The Motor/Ship "Seven Seas"



UNDER CHARTER to the University from the Holland-America Line, globe-girdling transportation company responsible far our sea voyage, the diesel-propelled motor/ship SEVEN SEAS is being completely modified to provide all needed facilities for a floating University: separate dormitories for men and women, study halls, classrooms, library, laboratory, dining rooms, hospital, dispensary, laundry, ironing room, dry cleaning plant, print shop, bookstore, news-stand and souvenir shop. Study areas and dining rooms are air-conditioned. Recreation facilities include swimming pool, gymnasium, deck tennis, shuffleboard, ballroom, pianos, musical instruments of all kinds, fully-equipped darkroom, film projectors and screens, theatre, card room, chess, checkers, shipboard horse-racing, quoits, bingo, and other games. Lounges, reading rooms, deck chairs and a soda-snack bar provide ample room for relaxation. All student passengers have access to the same general facilities aboard ship. The cuisine is that of Holland-America Line's tourist passenger class — varied, substantial, well-prepared and served, world-famous for quality. Prior to its modification for campus use, the SEVEN SEAS (which is of West German registry, flying the West German flag) operated in transAtlantic service on the Europe-Canada Line, for which Holland-America Line (with its worldwide organization and 23 American offices) is general agent. The ship registers 12,574 gross tons, is 492 feet in length, and 69 feet in width, capable of entering most of the important ports of the world. It has the very latest navigation devices and communications equipment. Travelworld, Inc., of Los Angeles, member of the American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA), acting as general agent for the University, will provide travel arrangements ashore in various countries on the itinerary.

CRUISE AROUND-THE-WORLD

21,678 MILES — **110 DAYS** — OCTOBER 22, 1963, TO FEBRUARY 8, 1964 — INCLUDING PASSAGE, MEALS, CABIN, SHORE TRIPS, TUITION — **$1990***

FROM NEW YORK CITY TO GREECE, LEBANON, EGYPT — 22 PORTS OF CALL IN INDIA, CEYLON, — 16 COUNTRIES, VISITING SPAIN, FRANCE, ITALY, KUALA LUMPUR, SINGAPORE, THAILAND, SOUTH VIETNAM, HONG KONG, JAPAN AND HAWAII

FLAGS flying and its ship's band playing an "Alma Mater" song entirely new to the field of American education, the motor/ship *Seven Seas* will move out into the Hudson River from Pier 40 in Manhattan at four o'clock in the afternoon of October 22, 1963 — to sail across the Atlantic and begin a global odyssey that has been four years in the planning.

Conceived in 1959 by the Whittier, California, Rotary Club's International Relations Committee, the educational travel institution now formally chartered, accredited and named *The University of the Seven Seas* has for its purpose the furthering of man's good will toward man—by providing a challenging experience in international living and study which uses the world as its laboratory.

Instead of attempting to bring the world to the classroom, it takes students, faculty and classrooms to the world!

Aboard ship on sailing day will be 500 or more students selectively enrolled from high schools, colleges and universities throughout our land. Plus a faculty of 35 knowledgeable and skilled instructors . . . chaplains of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths (who also serve on the faculty) . . . a doctor, dentist, and 3 nurses . . . and the ship's officers and crew.

Aboard, too, will be the good wishes and high hopes of hundreds of relatives and friends whose devotion and support make the voyage possible!

En Route

STUDY A COMPLETE COLLEGE SEMESTER'S COURSE OF SELECTED SUBJECTS WITH FULL ACADEMIC CREDIT TOWARD A COLLEGE DEGREE, IF DESIRED.

ACADEMIC COURSES OFFERED

HISTORY • LANGUAGES • LITERATURE
MATHEMATICS • ECONOMICS • SOCIOLOGY
CURRENT AFFAIRS • JOURNALISM • LAW
ART • MUSIC • THEATRE • DANCE • RADIO-TV
POLITICAL SCIENCE • EDUCATION • PSYCHOLOGY
SALESMANSHIP • GEOGRAPHY • MARKETING
SPEECH • RELIGION • PHILOSOPHY
ASTRONOMY • OCEANOGRAPHY • SPACE SCIENCE

1st SEMESTER — CRUISE I

October 22, 1963, to February 8, 1964

Distance	Port	Arrival		Departure		Days in Port
	NEW YORK			Oct. 22	4 pm	
2974	LISBON	Nov. 1	8 am	Nov. 2	8 pm	2
822	BARCELONA	Nov. 5	8 am	Nov. 6	6 pm	2
258	CANNES	Nov. 7	1 pm	Nov. 8	4 pm	1
234	C. VECCHIA	Nov. 9	10 am	Nov. 11	8 pm	3½
150	NAPLES	Nov. 12	8 am	Nov. 14	M.N.	3
666	PIRAEUS	Nov. 17	8 am	Nov. 18	M.N.	2
646	BEIRUT	Nov. 21	8 am	Nov. 23	M.N.	3
335	ALEXANDRIA	Nov. 25	8 am	Nov. 27	M.N.	3
165	PORT SAID	Nov. 28	3 pm	Nov. 29	2 am	½
88	SUEZ	Nov. 29	7 pm	Nov. 29	M.N.	-
2980	BOMBAY	Dec. 9	8 am	Dec. 14	2 pm	6
895	COLOMBO	Dec. 17	8 am	Dec. 18	M.N.	2
1428	P. SWETTENHAM	Dec. 23	8 am	Dec. 24	5 pm	2
202	SINGAPORE	Dec. 25	9 am	Dec. 26	5 pm	2
800	BANGKOK	Dec. 29	9 am	Dec. 31	6 am	2
680	SAIGON	Jan. 2	10 am	Jan. 3	6 pm	2
935	HONG KONG	Jan. 6	3 pm	Jan. 8	8 pm	3
470	KEELUNG	Jan. 10	8 am	Jan. 11	6 pm	2
915	KOBE	Jan. 14	Noon	Jan. 17	M.N.	3½
357	YOKOHAMA	Jan. 19	8 am	Jan. 22	Noon	3
3400	HONOLULU	Jan. 31	2 pm	Feb. 1	Noon	1
2278	SAN DIEGO	Feb. 8	8 am			
21678						48½

Subject To Change Without Notice

2nd SEMESTER — CRUISE II

February 11, 1964, to June 9, 1964

Distance	Port	Arrival		Departure		Days in Port
	SAN DIEGO			Feb. 11	4 pm	
2278	HONOLULU	Feb. 18	8 am	Feb. 19	8 am	1
3520	YOKOHAMA	Feb. 29	5 pm	Mar. 4	12:01 am	3
357	KOBE	Mar. 5	8 am	Mar. 6	10 pm	2
915	KEELUNG	Mar. 9	8 pm	Mar. 11	6 pm	2
470	HONG KONG	Mar. 13	8 am	Mar. 15	2 am	2
631	MANILA	Mar. 17	8 am	Mar. 18	6 pm	2
1559	TANDJUNG PRIOK	Mar. 23	8 am	Mar. 24	8 pm	2
526	SINGAPORE	Mar. 26	10 am	Mar. 27	6 pm	1½
202	PORT SWETTENHAM	Mar. 28	10 am	Mar. 29	4 pm	1½
907	RANGOON	Apr. 1	8 am	Apr. 2	6 pm	2
1003	MADRAS	Apr. 5	6 pm	Apr. 7	1 pm	1½
611	COLOMBO	Apr. 9	8 am	Apr. 10	8 pm	2
2351	TAMATAVE	Apr. 17	Noon	Apr. 17	6 pm	½
1256	DURBAN	Apr. 21	8 am	Apr. 23	9 pm	3
799	CAPETOWN	Apr. 26	8 am	Apr. 28	12:01 am	2
3831	BUENOS AIRES	May 9	8 am	May 10	8 pm	2
124	MONTEVIDEO	May 11	8 am	May 13	12:01 am	2
1037	RIO DE JANEIRO	May 16	8 am	May 18	12:01 am	2
2174	BELEM	May 24	8 am	May 24	10 pm	1
1476	LA GUAIRA	May 29	8 am	May 30	6 pm	2
612	CARTAGENA	Jun. 1	1 pm	Jun. 2	5 pm	1½
479	KINGSTON	Jun. 4	8 am	Jun. 4	6 pm	1
1474	NEW YORK	Jun. 9	8 am			
28592						38½

Subject To Change Without Notice

IF YOU have an alert, eager-to-learn young man or young woman in your family whose college preparatory (high school) course is completed with a "B" average — or a student currently maintaining a "C" average in college courses — such a student may be able to qualify for admission to *The University of the Seven Seas*. To learn details of admission and registration, make application by using the coupon below.

If your high school senior is headed for college next fall — or if you presently have a college student in your family, think what this rich educational-travel experience might mean to your boy or girl!

The *thrills* of the sea voyage *around-the-world*, visiting 22 ports of call in 16 countries! . . . in select company with other bright young students of good character and demonstrated academic achievement, *all their own age!* The acquaintances and life-long friendships they will develop . . . their growth-experience in the social graces, and knowledge of the cultures of many nations. The contributions such a voyage will make to their physical and mental health, their religious development and their leisure and hobby pursuits! All in addition to acquiring as many credits as possible toward a college degree: 12 to 15½ semester hours of credit for undergraduates. For graduate students, a minimum of 9 units and a maximum of 12 units.

A semester of study and play in this around-the-world environment, on shipboard and in field excursions ashore, should yield more knowledge, *savoir vivre* and *savoir faire* than a full year—or possibly, several years! — of routine college life!

Qualified staff members of the University will undertake advisory roles to assist students in all areas of their concern. The Dean of Students, Dean of Women, the Chaplains, the individual instructors, will be continually available for counseling, discussion, fellowship. With a ratio of *one faculty member to every 12 students*, the University is able to offer an intensity of instruction and growth equalled only in a very few of America's schools and colleges.

DURING this first-semester voyage (Oct. 22-Feb. 8) a total of 61½ days of the 110-day journey will be spent in classroom work and study aboard ship . . . as the *Seven Seas* crosses the South Atlantic via the sunny southern route to Spain . . . cruises leisurely through the Mediterannean and the Suez Canal . . . then swings across the Red Sea and Arabian Sea to Bombay . . . sails the Indian Ocean to Singapore . . . goes onward through the Indonesian Islands to Hong Kong . . . visits Japan . . . and then heads homeward across the Pacific, via Hawaii, to San Diego. You study as you travel, with adequate leisure time for relaxation.

Forty-eight and one-half days of the 110-day journey are spent ashore in the 22 ports of call, and in making related shore excursions. Prior to arrival in any country, a *native* of that country (a diplomat, an educator, a journalist, a political or religious figure) spends several days of the voyage aboard ship — lecturing and visiting, in English, to provide each student with a broad understanding of the nation and culture he is to visit. These shipboard classes prior to landing are preparation for a careful analysis of the economic, political, cultural and technological problems with which each nation is currently occupied. Teams of students will then go ashore at each port under the direction of faculty experts in the areas of their predominant interest. The mission of each group will be to collect source materials for further study, evaluation and discussion aboard ship. And, in port, there is ample time for personal sightseeing and shopping.

Leisure hours on shipboard (aside from required physical exercise for freshmen and sophomores) may be spent as one wishes: reading, sunning in a deck chair, walking the broad decks, swimming, playing deck games, cards, chess — or participating (just as in a land-based college) in your choice of organized or informal student activities —dances, dramatic productions, concerts, camera club activity, shipboard journalism, jam sessions and the inevitable bull-sessions dear to all undergraduates.

In port, classes are not held aboard ship. Students are assigned field work ashore involving conferences and interviews with leaders in government, business, education, communications, religion and the arts. This experience has a twofold objective: 1) to provide each student opportunity to collect information pertinent to his studies; 2) to provide opportunity to gain insight and friendships among the students and people of the countries visited.

*

PASSAGE FEE INCLUDES cabin, meals, passage aboard ship and required travel in ports of call. Rates vary from the $1590 minimum per student in 4-and-6-berth dormitories, to $1990 in outside 2-and-4 berth rooms on upper decks. In addition, a $400 tuition fee is required of each student, authorizing him to register for from 12 to 15½ units of undergraduate study; for from 9 to 12 units of graduate study. Full details are contained in the University's catalog, which will be sent upon return of the coupon below.

Prompt action is advised if you wish to secure space before enrollment is filled.

MAIL THIS SPACE RESERVATION COUPON TODAY!

The University of the Seven Seas, Whittier, California

☐ Enclosed please find check for $5, for which please send complete information about The University of the Seven Seas. This sum is to be credited to the application fee should enrollment be made and accepted. I understand that in making this request for information I am not obligated further; nor does the University guarantee to hold a space reservation

☐ Enclosed please find check for $25 (application fee) for which please make a tentative reservation for (Name of Student) ..... to be enrolled in The University of the Seven Seas: (please print)

☐ First Semester, Oct. 22, '63 to Feb. 8, '64 — From New York City.

☐ Second Semester, Feb. 11 '64 to June 9, '64 — From San Diego.

☐ Send Catalog forms and Application. I understand that the University charges the above fee of $25 for examination and evaluation of application forms. If the applicant is not accepted for enrollment, $10 of the $25 fee is to be refunded to me by the University. Upon acceptance of the applicant for admission, I agree to pay additionally 25% down on the total of $400 tuition fee plus passage money. Balance to be paid in full by August 20 for Semester I, or December 1 for Semester II.

Name ..... **Telephone Number** .....

Street Address .....

City ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinctive and unusual

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The 40 page catalogue — which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents — will be mailed about September first.

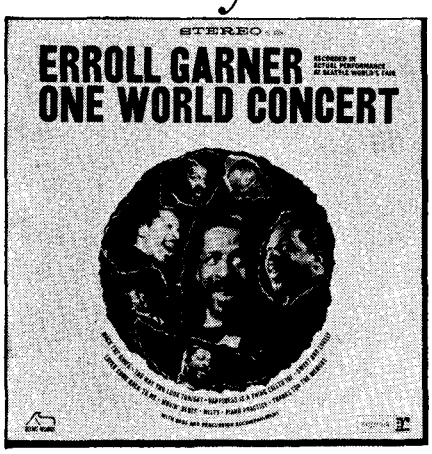
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed $3

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Erroll Garner's first live-concert recording in seven years!

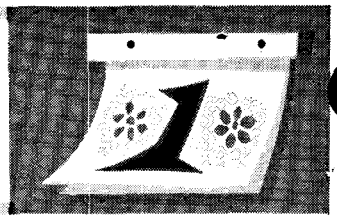


Recorded in actual performance at the Seattle World's Fair; bass and percussion accompaniment. ***featuring*** **MISTY** • The Way You Look Tonight • Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe • Sweet and Lovely • Mack the Knife • Lover Come Back to Me • Movin' Blues • Dancing Tambourine • Thanks For the Memory mono or stereo

reprise

product of Octave Records

First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

WE liked best during the month a report that the asps in *Cleopatra* costs $600. "There was a principal asp," the report stated, "and two understudy asps."

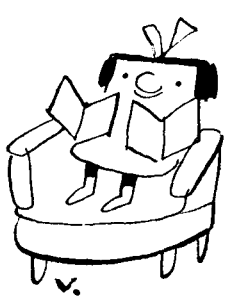
• • •

Somehow, after that, it didn't seem fair to cast aspersions. Of course, there had to be at least one sour grapes reviewer, and, as might be expected, the reviewer of the *Herald Tribune* chose to be it. Even that, however, wasn't the unfairest review of the month. This was, unquestionably, *Time's* review of *The Mouse on the Moon*—probably as sustainedly humorous a sequel-picture as has ever been made. And, if it didn't merit Timerit, it did merit the sustained laughter of a man who saw it at a special showing at Cape Canaveral. A man by the name of Cooper —Gordon Cooper, that is.

• • •

For your summertime hammock pleasure we offer you our favorite piece of satire of the month—from *Outsider's Newsletter:*

> Secretary General U Thant announced today that the U.N. will be sold to Conrad Hilton. "With so many countries in arrears on their Congo and Middle East assessments," Thant explained, "we will run a debt of $140 million by December 31. It's just not sound management to continue."
>
> Hilton plans to add the U.N. to his far-flung hotel empire. It will be known as the U.N. Hilton. "I'm just itching to get my hands on it," he said. "It has a wonderful location, and of course the Secretariat building with all that glass and that magnificent view of the East River will provide the ultimate in luxury accommodations." Other remodeling plans call for conversion of the General Assembly auditorium into a ballroom and nightclub, with facilities for 5,000 conventioneers. The basement of the building will become a shopping arcade, and there will be a swimming pool in the rose garden. The various council chambers will be converted into intimate cocktail lounges, meeting rooms, steam rooms, and the like.
>
> Hilton stated that he will make every effort to hire present U.N. employees displaced by the change in management. "I am especially interested in African delegates with colorful native costumes," Hilton said. "They can wear them on the job. This will add color and save on cleaning bills." He added that he has already started retraining the tastefully attired U.N. guides as elevator operators. Mr. Hilton is sure of one thing: he wants U Thant for his General Manager. "Since Mr. Thant took over the U.N.," he explained, "the number of guest nations there increased nearly 25%. International politics makes strange bedfellows and is thus an excellent preparation for the hotel business."



• • •

Our favorite column of the month was Ray Erwin's in *Editor & Publisher*, in which he quoted from *The Gossiper*, house journal of the Worcester (Massachusetts) *Telegram* and *Gazette*. The quotation concerned a reader's responses about what he wants to see in his daily newspaper:

1) My name.
2) A front-page article showing how crooked the city government is most of the time.
3) My wife's name.
4) A feature article showing 25 ways on how to cheat on income tax forms.
5) My kids' names.
6) A local news item about the affairs my neighbor is having.
7) A classified offering a new home for sale for $4,000.
8) More news about lawbreakers.
9) Less news about lawbreakers. I was picked up last night and I should not have to pay a fine.
10) An editorial condemning high school teachers for being too liberal with "F's."
11) A wedding picture of the groom instead of the bride when he is more handsome than she is pretty.
12) A sports picture of me when I bowled 183.
13) More advertisement on things

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the merchants are giving away.

14) A front-page picture of my neighbor being hauled out of the bar by his wife.

15) A front-page spread about the deadbeat who lives across the street from me who just had his car repossessed.

16) Forget the last one. I just got word from the finance company that they're coming after my car.

17) More letters to the editor naming the crooks we have in town.

18) A full page of local news, a page of national news, several pages of sports and comics, one page on divorces, and three pages on all the domestic troubles we are having in town.

19) Less stuff about how cute everybody else's kids are. My kids are better looking than those you rave about.

20) A complete biographical sketch about the "most important citizen in town," and be sure you spell my name right.

• • •

And, finally, our favorite dictionary of the month—a glossary published by *Association Management* and recommended by the *Public Relations Journal*:

". . . Keeping in close touch with the situation . . ." (*a friend of my wife's cousin knows a man who works there.*)

". . . took vigorous action . . ." (*appointed a committee which appointed a committee which will meet when the chairman gets back from Europe.*)

". . . aroused the industry . . ." (*sent out a bulletin at the bulk mail rate.*)

". . . combined forces with . . ." (*had lunch with another associate executive and agreed to have a joint committee which will appoint a subcommittee which will meet when the chairman gets back from Europe.*)

". . . watchdog of the industry . . ." (*we get all the government releases.*)

". . . another example of your association in action . . ." (*the subcommittee finally met and passed a resolution recommending the association take no action at this time.*)

". . . broad new program . . ." (*we're going to do some of the bulletins in color this year.*)

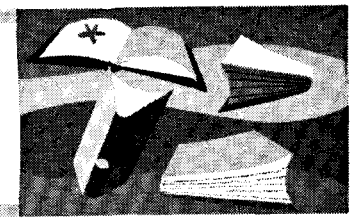
". . . due to a printer's error . . ." (*the printer's error was in ever accepting this account.*)

". . . much sought-after convention speaker . . ." (*he works for $100 less than anyone else.*)

• • •

For ourselves, we were swamped with animal mail and we can only say thank you—not only for the expressions of good will but for the additional documentation of laboratory abuses. We will return to the subject in the near future, with chapter and worse.

Trade Winds



NEWS FROM OUTER SPACE: When they start delivering mail by Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles, the process will be known as Spatial Delivery. (Reporter: Richard M. Lederer)

NEWS OF NOBILITY: A king ordered the heads of several of his counts chopped off because they refused to reveal where they buried their treasures. As the axes began falling, one count decided to change his mind and spill the secret—but too late. Moral: Don't hatchet your counts before they

chicken. (Reporter: Chilton [Wisconsin] *Times* via the Reverend William Zimmer)

NEWS OF LONGHAND WRITING: In the words *extraterritoriality* and *internationalization* there are seven retouching jobs for each word required in going back to dot the i's and cross the t's. (Reporter: Paul Kirkpatrick)

NEWS FOR DERMATOLOGISTS: The name of an electrolysis specialist in Rockville Center, New York is Harold Noskin. (Reporter: Newton Miller)

NEWS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS: A diaper service in Ann Arbor, Michigan, advertises: "Rock a dry baby." (Reporter: Harriet Stolorow)

NEWS FOR HORTICULTURALISTS: A man in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, couldn't decide when to water his cactus plant. Solution: He subscribes to a Tucson paper, and when it reports rain, he douses the plants. (Reporter: Waynesboro [Pennsylvania] *Record Herald*, via Ray Erwin).

NEWS FOR PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS: In the Manhattan Yellow Pages, you can find Drs. Coffin, Console, Cunning, Needleman, Profitt, and Quick. (Reporter: Mrs. M. J. Aber)

NEWS FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS: In Mansfield, Illinois, the head of the school system is Mr. Pound. His secretary's initials, appearing on the bottom of his letters, are lb. (Reporter: Vera Helper)

NEWS FOR AUTO DEALERS: In Buffalo, New York, there's a company named Tinney Cadillac. (Reporter: Jean Basnett)

NEWS FOR HAIRDRESSERS: In Gainesville, Florida, there's a hair stylist who advertises: "Will curl up and dye for you." (Reporter: Richard Norris)

NEWS FOR FUNERAL DIRECTORS: In Amarillo, Texas, there's an undertaker named Boxwell. (Reporter: Pauline Robertson)

NEWS FOR A RAINY DAY: A letter of complaint from Carolina Beach, North Carolina, was received by an umbrella company. The sender: Mr. LaVerne Sprinkel. (Reporter: Barbara C. Brown)

NEWS FOR HARRIED WIVES: In Hamilton, Missouri, the Munroe Plumbing and Heating Company advertises: "Keep Your Wife in Hot Water." (Reporter: Roy N. Reece)

NEWS ON COOKING: In Tibet, a yak accidentally wandered into a deep pit where rubble was being burned. Within moments, a native discovered the tragedy and yelled: "Oh, my baking yak!" (Reporter: Henna Zacks)

NEWS OF BASEBALL: An umpire, hated by everyone and brutal enough to beat his wife, finally decided to reform. He asked his little boy to sit on his lap. The boy refused. Reason: The son never sets on the brutish umpire. (Reporter: Theodore Schwarz, Jr.)

—John G. Fuller.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1525)

Miriam A. De Ford:
STONE WALLS

The trouble is that punishments vary grotesquely from state to state. What is a crime in one is no crime in another; and a given offense may be punishable by six months in the county jail in one state, and ten years in the penitentiary in another.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
JULY 6, 1963

HOW TO AVOID A RACE RIOT

In this issue SR examines several aspects, both dangerous and hopeful, of the current struggle for Negro equality. On this and the following pages are articles and comments by Arthur I. Waskow, of the Peace Research Institute in Washington, D.C.; James Farmer, national director of the Congress for Racial Equality; Joseph P. Lyford, a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, who is currently making a survey of the Northern Negro's problems; and Louis Lomax, a Negro writer and lecturer. Some observations on James Baldwin and the position of the Negro in contemporary America appear in John Ciardi's column on page 13.

By ARTHUR I. WASKOW

THE boiling pot of American racial conflict has given rise to widespread fear that hot weather may push the conflicts past the boiling point, touching off a series of race riots across the country. There has been one such year in American history: 1919, when some observers counted about twenty-five racial clashes, of which seven were large-scale riots. In 1919 almost no one expected the riots; in 1963 almost everyone does, partly because of vague and buried memories of 1919. Bringing these memories to the surface and examining the 1919 riots carefully may indicate the reasons they occurred and suggest ways in which they could have been prevented—and perhaps ways in which potential riots this year may still be prevented.

As anyone who has read John dos Passos's *U.S.A.* will remember, 1919 was a year of upheaval. There was a general strike in Seattle, a series of Bolshevik scares, a bloody raid on the Wobblies at Centralia. But above all, there were the race riots that started the press screaming about a "new Negro."

In four of these riots—in Charleston, South Carolina; Longview, Texas; Knoxville, Tennessee; and Omaha, Nebraska—there was national publicity, but the fire was snuffed out before it got properly blazing. (In Omaha, the mayor was twice strung to a lamppost and barely cut down in time, for trying to save a Negro from a lynch mob.) But in three localities—Washington, D.C., Chicago, and a rural area of Arkansas near the Mississippi border—the riots caused a number of deaths and took days to bring under control. These three cases are also interesting because the riots most clearly arose from the kind of underlying social conflict that is stirring trouble now.

In Washington, federal job opportunities for Negroes had been reduced and segregation increased by the advent of the Southern-oriented Wilson Administration in 1913. Then World War I brought an influx of Southern whites to town, while Negroes suddenly found themselves earning more than they ever had and incurring white resentment because of their new prosperity. Into this atmosphere of anger and jealousy there came in the summer of 1919 headlines about a Negro "crime wave" and highly sensationalized accounts of rape and pillage.

Finally, on July 19, a series of nightly riots began. White mobs repeatedly tried to storm the Negro districts, Negroes fought back, and the local police kept arresting more whites than Negroes. Not until the much more nearly neutral men of the federal army—2,000 of them—had been brought in to police the city did the riot end, three days after it had begun.

By then six men had been killed, about twenty seriously injured, and dozens more hospitalized. President Wilson privately and Secretary of War Newton D. Baker publicly had expressed their concern, and newspapers all over the United States were demanding action—ranging from demands that uppity blacks get back in their place, to demands for the early elimination of school segregation in Washington, to demands for large-scale beefing up of the police, to demands that the police force be trained in the rudiments of racial impartiality.

THE nation had scarcely caught its breath after the shock of rioting in front of the White House when a new race riot began, considerably longer and bloodier than Washington's. At a bathing beach in Chicago, on Sunday, July 27, an altercation erupted over the stoning of a Negro swimmer who had crossed an extralegal boundary into a "white" swimming area, and who drowned under the hail of stones. When a white policeman refused to arrest whites who were accused by Negro bystanders of having stoned the swimmer, and then arrested a Negro on a white's complaint of some minor offense, Negroes mobbed the white policeman. Reports of his behavior spread and aroused indignant Negro crowds. Gunfire broke out between Negroes and the police, and by nightfall white and Negro mobs were clashing in many sections of the city. Before the riot was over, one week later,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fifteen whites and twenty-three Negroes had been killed.

The bathing-beach incident brought to a boil conflict between Chicago's whites and Negroes that had been simmering for several years. Beginning in 1917, more than 50,000 Negroes had come to Chicago in two years' time, slightly more than doubling the city's Negro population in that short span. Most of the immigrants were Southerners and rural, unready to cope with life in a great metropolis. Their coming strained to the bursting point the established area of Negro residence, bringing much more crowding within that area and stimulating attempts by more established Negroes to move into traditionally white areas. Some whites had resisted such changes in residence patterns, fearing that the value of their own property would drop, and a series of bombing attacks had been made on Negroes who had moved outside the "Black Belt." Reflecting residential shifts and the hostilities that had sprung up over them, there occurred a series of clashes over "possession" of public parks in different neighborhoods.

When the tension did break in July 1919, there was symbolic significance in its breaking on the issues of racial boundary lines at a public beach and police protection for Negroes. The use of violence to keep Negroes out of "white" areas and the failure of the police to make arrests in the bombing cases had long angered the Negro community, and the insistence of Negroes on pressing into new territory had been angering whites. The events on the Lake Michigan shore on Sunday, July 27, simply focused within a few minutes all the outstanding grievances. Among Negroes, there was already a new postwar spirit of readiness to defend themselves, especially among returning soldiers. National publicity for the Washington riot did its part. Instead of acquiescing in the "invisible line" drawn against them, or in police indifference, Negroes fought back. On their side, angry whites took the behavior of the police as a license to use violence.

As the riot continued, the police were concentrated in the Black Belt to control Negroes, so that few were available elsewhere in the city to protect Negroes from white marauders. Not until four days later, when Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson and Governor Frank O. Lowden finally agreed to have the state militia take over, was an impartial police force trying to control the violence of both races. Once the militia had arrived, the city calmed down quickly.

When the riot had come to an end, the national press again made clear the absence of any national consensus about race relations. Some editors charged that Bolsheviks were inciting the Negroes (a charge repeated later in the year by the FBI and Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer.) Others praised the Negroes for "fighting back."

In August and September, the Knoxville and Omaha riots caused brief moments of national clamor and outrage. But not until October 1, when the nation heard that Negroes had started an insurrection in Arkansas, did another response like the one that had greeted the Washington and Chicago riots occur.

The Arkansas violence began outside a Negro country church in Phillips County. Within the church a number of sharecroppers were discussing their dissatisfaction with the prices they were receiving for cotton sold through the plantation owners and with the prices charged them for supplies they were buying from the owners. The Negroes had organized a "Progressive Farmers and Household Union of America," and they were meeting to organize their campaign of action.

Arkansas whites charged that this organization was planning an "uprising." In a sense they were undoubtedly right—since a union of sharecroppers that gave Negroes in rural Arkansas equal bargaining power with whites would have constituted a revolution of sorts for Arkansas. But the charge that the union was a conspiracy for planning the mass murder of whites in the neighborhood was untrue, as was shown years later by whites who had been in Phillips County in 1919 and had helped concoct the "insurrection" story.

The story that the whites reported and the country heard on October 1 was that some white deputy sheriffs had accidentally and casually stopped near the church in which the local Progressive Union was meeting, were fired upon by guards who feared discovery of the Union's plans to massacre whites, and called out sheriff's posses that had to battle a Negro insurrection in order to restore order in the county. When the Negroes'

The following excerpts are drawn from comments made by James Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, on the WCBS radio program "Let's Find Out," broadcast in the New York City area on June 16.

I THINK THERE IS a real possibility, or a real danger, that there might be violence not only in Harlem in New York but in Harlems throughout the country this summer. Summer is always a difficult period. . . . It's hot and tempers are thin and frayed, and when an incident occurs it's possible that it will mushroom into something very dangerous indeed.

Also, the people in Harlem are upset about unemployment more than anything else. . . . the Negro unemployment rate is two and a half times as high as that among whites. The second problem is that of slums—the tenement slums which become more pressing during summer months. I think there is a real danger of violence this summer. . . . the Negroes have been waiting for 100 years now since emancipation, and they're simply not going to wait any longer. If we try to slow it down, then they'll go on without us. They'll say, "Get out of the way if you're going to try to hold us back." They want help and direction but they don't want to be held back. . . .

I'd like to see the City of New York take a position that it will let out no contracts for construction or for repairs or for manufacture of goods or equipment unless the employees used on those projects are fully integrated. I think this would be a step in the right direction. Another step that needs to be taken is a crash program to clean up the slums, to eliminate the worst abuses of rats and cockroaches and the leaky roofs. This should be done and done this summer. If the Negroes can see real progress made along these lines, and can feel it; if they can see it in terms of a refrigerator that has milk in it for their babies; if they can see it in terms of an apartment which is decent to live in, then I think they'll be less inclined to get out on the streets. . . .

I do want to get the point across that our organization, CORE, is doing all it can to prevent violence. We believe that these problems are soluble, not insoluble, and that the only effective way of solving them is through nonviolent tactics.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story was finally circulated (and later corroborated), it held that there had been no plans to massacre whites; that information on the Progressive Union's plans to demand accurate accounts from the planters leaked out to the whites and alarmed them into using "every means they could apply" to force Negroes to leave the Union; that on September 30 a fusillade of shots from outside were fired into the Hoop Spur church before any attack had been made upon the whites; and that to destroy the evidence of this unprovoked assault the church was burned next day by a large number of armed white men.

For the next several days after the clash at the church, white posses combed the canebrake, shooting down Negroes. Some shot back, but more were weaponless. By October 4, five whites and several times as many Negroes had been killed. Hundreds of Negroes were herded into jail, where a local committee of leading planters and businessmen screened them for "insurrectionary" behavior, ordered some released when their landlords vouched for them, and held the leaders of the Progressive Union on murder charges.

At the request of the Governor of Arkansas, the United States Army sent 500 troops into Phillips County in order to restore order. Their commander accepted without question the white version of events, but acted somewhat more impartially than the local sheriff and his posses. For example, he ordered both whites and Negroes in the leading town of Phillips County disarmed, and he ordered the jailed Negroes protected against possible lynch mobs. The presence of his troops had restored order by October 7, so that the county officials could tell their Negroes to stop talking and get back to work.

These three explosions, as different from each other as they seem at first glance, together point some lessons for preventing racial conflicts from turning into riots. In each of them, the trigger to violence was the unneutral action of the local police, and the most important factor in ending the riot was the intervention of a more nearly neutral outside force. If any single act is most likely to set off race riots in the summer of 1963, it is behavior by police that signals to whites that they are free to use violence against Negroes and signals to Negroes that they will have to defend themselves since the police will not defend them.

It would seem useful, therefore, for the President to concentrate on this point within the Administration, even while he is asking Congress for broader legislation. It is unlikely that riots can be averted simply by passing an equal accommodations act or similar laws intended to "get the Negroes off the streets and into the courts." For it is extremely unlikely that the Negroes will get off the streets (even if the bills should somehow be passed by Congress). There is too much unfinished business—jobs, schools, housing—and no legislation that anyone can imagine being passed could establish racial equality in all these areas, all across the country. Now that Negroes know that going into the streets sometimes works, and indeed now that they know it *always* "works" in the sense that it restores their own feeling of manhood and independence, they will not be giving it up.

If the nonviolent demonstrations

(*Continued on page* 46)

WHERE ARE THE LEADERS? There are many voices that talk for the unemployed, disused Negro in the black corners of his Northern cities, but there are very few leaders, white or Negro, who have crossed his threshold to learn about his most immediate discontents and what he wants right now, this afternoon, this very moment. The demands of Northern Negro "spokesmen" are beginning to have more and more the ring of liberal middle-class sociology, and they seem increasingly remote from those Negroes who are beginning to understand that, even if every racial barrier fell tomorrow, there would be no jobs for most of them, young or old.

The Northern Negro faces a different set of nightmares from those of his brother in Alabama. The achievement of every remaining civil right, and his final admission to American society, will not solve the fundamental misery that is our special gift to the Negro of the city. The fact is that our republic has little use for the people it has prevented from getting a decent education, through design or neglect; and our automated future offers little prospect of work to the high school graduate as well. The Negro has joined a new and integrated race of Americans, the race of the poor. In some ways, this affiliation is of more concern than the fact that he is black.

The unemployed, welfare-ridden Northern Negro confronts a more impersonal enemy than a Governor or a neighbor who seeks to limit his right to vote, to eat and travel, play and worship where he wishes. In Birmingham the goals are sharp, the line of action to break down the oppressor is short and direct, and there is a movement in which everybody can participate. But in New York nobody has yet offered the Negro a real chance, in the space of a single short life, to attack the immediate cause of his oppression, to act, to be a part of a movement toward a goal that can be seen with the naked eye and that, once reached, will make a difference.

I don't know of any Martin Luther Kings in my neighborhood, and I doubt whether there are any in Detroit or Chicago or St. Louis. There are Congressmen, councilmen, and commissioners who say they care, but who seem to have become part of a worried establishment that ends by blaming its paralysis on the shortcomings of bureaucracy and an uninformed public. There are also the NAACP, the Urban League, and committees on human rights, but the Negro has had these through all the years his economic misfortunes have intensified. There is a difference between having spokesmen and having leaders. Nobody can expect an Urban League or mayor's committee to take charge of a revolution.

The point at issue now is not whether the Negro of the North will take to the streets in his battle for citizenship. The question is when and how it will happen, whether there will be leadership and preparation and sanity in the plan, or whether there will be nothing at all, not even hope, but only the customary spasms of rage on Harlem and West Side streets. If there is to be a plan, it will have to be built around the real interests of the Negro, who wants work, who wants enforcement of the law against the owner of the slum, and who worries about good teachers rather than racial percentages in the classroom. Dr. King gave his people a plan based on what he understood about them. This is why he could develop a discipline, a philosophy, a sense of responsibility. The Northern Negro certainly deserves leaders who will do the same for him, and who will seek him out, building by building, and give him a place in the demonstration. —JOSEPH P. LYFORD.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT MASS PROTESTS CAN'T DO

By LOUIS LOMAX, *author of The Negro Revolt and a frequent lecturer on civil rights and race relations.*

I PUFFED my way back from downtown Birmingham following the second day of mass demonstrations by Negro students there. As I walked toward my room at the Gaston Motel a voice yelled out at me: "Louis! How are you?" I turned and, to my surprise, looked into the anxious face of Jack Greenberg, head of the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund in New York City.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well," Jack smiled, "I read in the paper that I had about 2,000 law cases in the making down here, so I decided to drop in and look them over."

Laconic, but absolutely accurate, Greenberg had underscored one of the dangerously overlooked points in the new Negro militancy that is sweeping the nation: although the Negro Revolt has moved from the courtroom into the streets and the market place, there is a continuing and increasing need for legalism in civil rights actions.

This need has been overlooked by those, including some of the nation's top writers, who are shouting that the Negro has lost faith in legalism, that he is persuaded that the law has taken him as far as it can, that the Negro is convinced that he cannot win his battle in the courtroom. Indeed, I incurred a great deal of criticism some months ago when I predicted, in *The Negro Revolt*, that mass demonstrations in the streets would soon be the order of the day. I allied with the demonstrators and warned that Negro leadership organizations had better do the same thing or they would be outflanked. The point I sought to underscore was that legalism alone was not enough; that in the face of white intransigence we would have to risk our very lives to implement our hard-won court victories. It never occurred to me that respectable and supposedly informed writers would one day suggest that the Negro was abandoning legalism. Indeed, the truth is that we need legalism now more than ever before.

First of all, there are several clear legal issues involved in the Negro demonstrations that are yet to be settled. Foremost among these is the question of sit-ins staged in private establishments and in the absence of city ordinances calling for segregation. In cities where local ordinances enforce segregation, the Supreme Court has freed demonstrators on the grounds that these ordinances are unconstitutional. The court has also ruled that demonstrators arrested in cities that do not have such ordinances, but in which local city officials act as if there were, must also be freed. But what about instances where businessmen carry out segregation as a private wish, without any taint of official policy? This is obviously a difficult issue for the court; arguments on it have been set over until the fall. Hundreds of appeals by Negroes involved in demonstrations, as well as thousands of dollars in bail money, turn on the court's ruling on this close question. Moreover, if the court should find that such private segregation is legal, then businessmen who have reluctantly integrated their services may revert to the old order once local city councils repeal their segregation ordinances.

THIS could be the burning legal issue in the civil rights struggle this year, and the NAACP's Jack Greenberg has marshaled his forces for an all-out attack this fall. The importance of the law as a companion to the civil rights struggle is demonstrated by two facts. First, there is the growing comment in the national press that the current demonstrations are illegal, that Negroes are getting away with flouting the law because the Kennedy Administration fears to offend the Negro vote. What is forgotten—and legalism must establish this—is that local ordinances requiring groups to get a permit before they demonstrate against what they deem an injustice are on shaky legal ground. Even more significant is the fact that Negro organizations have applied for such permits and have been turned down. This is precisely what happened in Birmingham. Negroes went to then Police Commissioner Eugene "Bull" Conner and asked for a permit to demonstrate. Conner replied, "I'll picket you into jail if you don't get the hell out of my office!" Then, and only then, came the police dogs, the fire hoses, and the national scandal. And when Greenberg moves to appeal the convictions of the people arrested in those demonstrations, his argument will be buttressed by the fact that local officials who have life or death jurisdiction over the issuance of parade permits are often the very people, and represent the very interests, the Negroes wish to demonstrate against. Their denial of the permit, then, robs the Negro of his constitutional right to protest what he considers an injustice.

A second illustration of the continuing need for legalism occurred during the peak of the Birmingham affair. I was sitting in my room when a man rushed in and shouted, "Dr. King! Dr. King! They have convicted my son and if I don't get him out on bond by midnight he cannot appeal; he will have to serve time on the county farm."

That I was not Martin Luther King became secondary. I rushed up to Dr. King's room and conveyed the man's message. He was incredulous; as far as we knew, none of the student demonstrators had been tried. Frantic phone calls established that some seventy-five students had indeed been tried the previous Saturday and had been convicted, fined, and sentenced to sixty days on the county farm. Under Alabama law, a person so convicted must appeal within five days or lose that right. And the appeal time, according to jail officials, would expire in just two hours. The cry went up that the students had been tried without benefit of counsel. This was relayed to Washington and federal machinery went into action. Then we were hit with a thunderclap: Negro lawyer Arthur Shores, one of the attorneys for the demonstration, had defended the students but had forgotten to mention the fact to anybody and thus the appeals had not been set in motion. The students were immediately freed on appeal bonds and that, thank God, was that. Another few hours and those students would have been forced to serve time on the county farm.

Had it happened, it would have been a disaster. Martin Luther King might well have been ruined as a national leader and the mounting Negro protest might well have collapsed. These demonstrations are dangerous

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things. People get emotional; some of them get a heady glow from going to jail while others grow ecstatic over the fact that they have been able to lead such a crowd into the line of protest. At dead center of this sheer frenetic storm there is a need for sober legalism, competent legal counsel to make sure that grave hurt and harm don't come to demonstrators because of an oversight at leadership headquarters.

There is also the need for legalism as counsel to groups planning these demonstrations. Sitting in at lunch counters or marching down the streets of a city are one thing, but stretching out on runways at airports and across railroad tracks are quite another. The latter two protest acts, as is now well known, are in the offing should a filibuster develop in Congress over the President's pending civil rights bill. Civil rights lawyers have quietly advised those planning such demonstrations that they are on flimsy legal grounds. People arrested in such demonstrations are likely to wind up paying heavy fines or going to jail, or both. If they wish to proceed, that is the affair of each individual involved. But legalism is needed to warn them that not every act of civil disobedience will be forgiven by the Constitution. To this must be added the fact that 700 cases arising from the Albany, Georgia, demonstrations are yet to be decided, that another 300 cases from the demonstrations at the Jackson, Mississippi, airport and involving upwards of $300,000 in bail money have hardly begun to move through the lower courts of that state, and that the more than 3,000 Birmingham, Alabama, cases are just beginning to shape up. "We have more cases pending before the Supreme Court than anybody other than the Justice Department," Jack Greenberg told me, "and it would be disastrous for everybody to forget that the issues raised here must be determined in court. Believe it or not, our 1963 law bill will be about $1,000,000 with another $2,000,000 needed for bail money."

Much the same need for legalism is developing as the Negro Revolt moves northward. According to June Shagaloff of the NAACP, that organization now has fifteen school integration cases pending in twelve Northern cities. At this very writing, civil rights lawyers are closeted trying to find a legal approach to the question of discrimination in trade unions. Herein lies the root of Negro unrest in the North; biased unions are building structures under contracts let and financed by the cities themselves. If these lawyers can discover the route to an injunctive action that would make the cities involved lift contracts until the unions cease discrimination, then the bulk of Negro protest in the North would end.

"We are a nation of laws, not of men," Martin Luther King told me, "but we must present our very bodies, if necessary, to make certain our laws are just and that they are implemented." In that statement, I think, Martin King spelled out the motivation behind the current Negro demonstrations. We have not lost faith in the law so much as we have lost faith in the local officials who have blatantly refused to obey the law. We do not distrust the law as much as we distrust those who would make us wage a town - by - town, village - by - village, state-by-state, costly, lengthy legal fight to get what the Supreme Court has already said is our right. We are not out to change the law as much as we are determined to shock the nation into a complete awareness that the local white power structure in the South and the North is committed to defiance of the law. It is to be regretted that so few white people realize that, for the Negro, the law has long since been reduced to mockery. The only time the law operates for the Negro is when it is being used against him. Otherwise —when it comes to voting rights, fair housing, and fair employment—the law is little more than a glittering, unrealized promise.

PERHAPS I can best dramatize this issue by pointing out that, should the President's proposed civil rights bill pass in its entirety the major thorn in the side of the Southern Negro will not have been touched. The Negro's right to eat at lunch counters and vote in federal elections will have been certified but there is nothing in the proposed law that will help the Negro vote in *local elections*. And it is the local officials – police chiefs, mayors, county sheriffs, and Governors—who inflict so much of the brutality and pain Negroes endure. And so the call has gone out for 100,000 of us to come to Washington and demonstrate if the filibuster over the proposed law develops. Thousands of us will say "yes" to Martin King's call and converge on Washington; the feeling is we may get our bill. But the tragedy is that if we get it the Negro fellow in the bayous of Mississippi will be little, if any, better off than he was before.

This has lead to wholesale Negro skepticism about the law. This is what the Black Muslim leader, Malcolm X, means when he says, "The white man's law is meant for him. When it comes to the black man, the law is little more than trickery." All too often Malcolm X's analysis proves to be correct, and thousands of Negroes—most of whom want no part of the Black Muslim movement—are forced to agree with his indictment. And it is for this very reason that so many of us argue that the Negro, through demonstrations, new legalism, and new legislation, is attempting to redeem the law in the eyes of those who know it only as an instrument of oppression and denial.

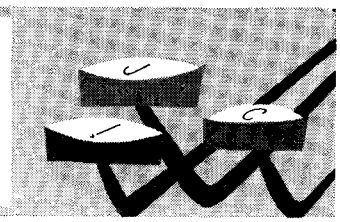
Let there be no denying that the nation faces a grave racial crisis. Should these demonstrations continue without some concession by the white power structure, we are most certainly headed toward government by hell-raising, a nation in which the Negro receives only that which he can get by creating community chaos and economic paralysis. Nobody really wants that, but the alternative is up to the white power structure, not the Negro.

What the Negro seeks is law and justice. Law without justice is tyranny. Justice without law is anarchy. Justice with law is democracy. And that is what all the shouting in the streets, and in the courtroom, is about.

"Why don't you bury your head in the newspaper like other husbands?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



BLACK MAN IN AMERICA: Last week I quoted here a long section of a letter written by a member of the University of Mississippi faculty to a friend of mine. The writer, a native Mississippian, found his life shattered and shaken by the past year's events. He could find no honest course in himself but to stand up and speak in favor of integration, and though he made no dramatic claims for himself, he had to learn how to live in fear among the same people who had been his lifelong neighbors.

Since writing that column, I have been listening to a recording (James Baldwin, *Black Man in America*, distributed by Credo, 102 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge 38, Massachusetts, no price listed) in which that good man (and, I am happy to say, my good friend) Studs Terkel, of Chicago's station WFMT, interviews Baldwin as a man, as an artist, and as a Negro of this violent but hopeful age of emancipation.

Inevitably I found myself wondering what James Baldwin might think of my friend's friend's troubled year in Oxford. Certainly, learning to live in fear among one's lifelong neighbors is nothing in which the American Negro need take the introductory course. The letter writer was only beginning to learn what the Negro must learn from the cradle, that his life—if he dare think about it—*is* an agonizing search for identity and must forever be lived within the reach of fear.

Baldwin's search for identity took him to Switzerland with two Bessie Smith records and a typewriter. "I had never listened to Bessie Smith in America. . . . I had never touched watermelon." He had lived in shame. In shame of himself, of the way he used to speak, of his father, of everything that made him a Negro. "I had buried myself under a fantastic image. What had I been like in the beginning?" Somehow Switzerland was a liberation. The people there had never seen a Negro. "They thought I was the devil." But alone there, he could listen over and over to the cadence, to the sound of it, to the beat. "Bessie Smith helped me to recapture the beat of my own speech."

Imagine what has to be done to a boy before he is driven to such need. The price the American Negro has paid for existence is something more than reason and moderation will assess. Agony is not a subject for general conversation; it is what a man knows when he lives in it, and the fact of knowing it separates him forever from those who do not know and cannot know.

> In white Protestant America—none of it belongs to you. Like everyone else you fall in love with Joan Crawford and with the good guys killing off the Indians. But not for you—these are metaphors of your oppression.

I hope the do-gooders and the moderates will learn to hear the cry of that agony before the slow—the too-slow—good of these past years is lost in violence. How much can the peace marchers take in the course of passive resistance before their rage and disgust rise in them like vomit and they turn from a Martin Luther King to the violent exhortations of the Black Muslims? As Baldwin points out, "Negro women have raised white children who later lynched their own sons . . . that sort of torment. . . and for a hundred years *after* they were technically free. Go slow? *How* slow?"

Baldwin is especially moving when he talks of the position of the Negro man, the last hired and first fired in the labor ranks. "He gets the humiliating jobs, he has no power in this world to protect his wife. Then he is fired and has to be supported by her." For Negro maids tend to keep their jobs. It is they who tend to be the reliable breadwinners. So it is that Negro family life tends to be a matriarchy. (And so the point of Richard Wright's powerful story about the Negro man who dresses as a woman to get a job as a cook.)

The demoralization of the Negro male in such a situation is inevitable. Where does he live? Where does he go for the resting place of his inner life as a man? "There has to be a certain confidence behind the act of love." What does the humiliated man bring to bed?

Whatever he brings to his bed, he must certainly get up from it in the rage of frustration. For though the bigot may refuse to admit the simple human claim, it is men we are talking about, men possessed of every man's need to be male, and to love, and to be loved, and to have the assurances of their own psyches to sleep in and wake to. To refuse to recognize the agony of the Negro's position is to deny him what is inseparable from all human need.

THE trouble, as Baldwin makes dramatically clear, is that prejudice makes the Negro invisible. "Nobody knows my name. . . . When white men look at you, they don't see you. They see what they have invested you with—the agony, pain, danger, passion, torment—a whole level of existence Americans deny."

I wish any man who is still inclined to be complacent about the agony of the Negro could be made to listen to Baldwin talking about *The Defiant Ones*—a movie loudly touted as championing the Negro. Baldwin dismisses it as the white man's version of "be kind to a Negro." At one point in the film Sidney Poitier sacrifices himself by jumping off a moving train to rescue Tony Curtis. In so doing he gives up his escape from the chain gang. When Baldwin saw it shown to a white audience, the whites were deeply moved by the sentimental sacrifice and applauded all but tearfully. But the same scene called forth a roar of fury from a Harlem audience and screams of "Get on the train, you fool!"

"The white man," Baldwin adds, "likes to think the Negro will forgive him for his crimes. But one has to pay—as a human fact—for his crimes."

All of us have already paid too great a spiritual price for the suppression of the Negro. Decaying political structures, a prissily squeamish educational system, a pervasive dry rot at the spiritual core of the American idea—these are evident maladies born of our human dishonesty in denying the Negro his emancipation. What remains to bless us most is that he will not much longer be denied. No human cause involving millions of lives can evolve such voices as James Baldwin's and still fail to win—not unless we are all to be driven to self-hatred and defeat.

—JOHN CIARDI.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL M. STEINHAUS

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Not So Fast

THE ultimate test of education is represented by the ability to think. We are not talking about casual or random thought. We are talking about sequential thought, that is, the process by which one frame of ideas is attached to another in workable order so that they fit together without rattling or falling apart the moment they come in contact with a logical objection or query.

Sequential thought is the most difficult work in the entire range of human effort. Even when undertaken by a highly trained intelligence, it can be enormously fatiguing. When attempted by untrained minds, it can produce total exhaustion within a matter of minutes, sometimes seconds. For it requires an almost limitless number of mental operations. The route must be anticipated between the present location of an idea and where it is supposed to go. Memory must be raked for relevant material. Facts or notions must be sorted out, put in their proper places, then supplied with connective tissue. Then comes the problem of weighting and emphasis.

Sequential thought, like any other advanced form of human activity, is the result of systematic training. Just sitting in front of television screens watching baseball games for a dozen years or more doesn't automatically qualify a man to throw strikes with blazing speed. Either he has the educated muscles to pitch or he hasn't. The same is true of thought. A man who doesn't know how to use the muscles of his intelligence can hardly be expected to cope with a problem requiring concentration and the ability to think abstractly.

How, then, can a person be taught to think sequentially? It isn't necessary to devise special courses of study for this purpose. All that is necessary is for existing courses to foster those conditions that promote proper habits of thought. The problem lies not with the curriculum; it lies rather with the way education is generally organized.

Fragmentation is the enemy of sequential thought. Yet there is a large degree of fragmentation in the way a youngster is called upon to meet his educational obligations. He may have four or five different courses of study. In the space of a few hours he has to shift his focus of attention drastically several times, resulting often in a blurring of the significance of what he is being taught. Each class or course tends to be something of a universe in itself. This may provide welcome relief in some cases but it also violates many of the basic laws of concentration as they apply to intellectual absorption and retention. This is hardly reassuring at a time when the relationships among the various fields of learning have become a prime need in education.

Homework assignments are only rarely correlated. On some nights a student may have three or four major assignments, making it virtually impossible to do them all adequately. We have never been able to understand why a homework paper in history, say, and an assignment in English composition cannot be combined. Far better to give a youngster a chance to put his history paper into decent English than to require him to go racing through separate assignments in both subjects. More basic still: why shouldn't the school attempt some measure of coordination in homework assignments, with each course having at least one night a week in which genuine concentration and sustained work would be expected and made possible?

H. L. F. Helmholtz, the noted German physicist who died thirty years ago, described three principal stages in effective thinking. In the first stage, a problem is carefully examined in all its aspects and all directions. In the second stage, ample time is allowed for a problem or an idea to get through to the subconscious in order that the mind may work on it and develop it even when not specifically focused on it. The third stage involves the conditions or circumstances under which an idea is brought to full term and makes its appearance. Helmholtz's analysis may not hold for all people—nothing is more individualistic than a man's thoughts—but at least he emphasizes the need for thought about thinking. Most of our confusion, James Harvey Robinson once wrote, comes from this failure to give thought to thought.

IF WE are to help Johnny to think—which is to say, if we are to help him become truly educated—it becomes necessary to respect the natural requirements of thought. Somewhere along the line in recent years, a speed-up has taken place in large areas of education. Johnny is expected to read faster, study faster, write faster, and think faster. No doubt, this is less the fault of educators than of the world itself. But the problems posed by an Age of Speed are not met by snap judgments, one-page memos on complex subjects, lightning-fast reading techniques, or rapid writing. We meet our problems only as we comprehend them and give them sustained and sequential thought. The quickest way to compound these problems is to put them in a pressure cooker.

—N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHY DON'T THEY TALK?

YOUR SECTION on the education of women [*SR*, May 18] brilliantly and from varying viewpoints brings to the attention of readers the emerging need of women to further their education. We on the committee for the Continuing Education of Women at the University of Delaware were recently astounded to find that 28 per cent of our women student body, embracing undergraduate, graduate, and extension areas, are twenty-five years of age and older. . . .

As a member of this committee and as one who, after launching three children on their own, has returned to the gratifying field of teaching with full approval of my family, I feel that one significant observation has been omitted from all the articles and books that I have read on this subject. A favorite pastime, "people watching," has brought this tragic fact home to me. Why is it that married couples (any age) in restaurants, apparently out for a "big" evening, have so little to say to each other? Their glum silence puzzles and disturbs me. Is it because they have grown away from each other? Is it because she is so wrapped up in children and housework that she has nothing to discuss with her husband? Is it because he knows that she knows so little about his world and cares less that it is useless to talk with her about it? Is it because she feels inadequately informed on world and national affairs? Is it because they have no common cultural interests such as music, the theatre, or literature? Why? Did she cease to grow intellectually while working her husband's way through college? Has he outgrown her? These are gnawing things that perhaps she either will not admit to herself or fails to realize. If for no other reason than being able to talk intelligently with her husband and those children for whose higher education most couples are saving, a woman must be motivated to continue to grow intellectually.

JEAN COMINGS.

Newark, Del.

MINOW AND THE FCC

FOUR GOLD STARS to Robert Lewis Shayon for his perceptive, wise, and literate column on Newton Minow and the FCC (*SR*, June 22).

I have read many articles about Mr. Minow and his agency. In a small amount of space he covered old ground freshly, new ground intelligently, and wound up making more sense per square paragraph than anything else written on this man and subject.

STANLEY FRANKEL.

New York, N.Y.

WHO WAS "S.A."?

THANK YOU for the enlightening article by Robert Graves, "T. E. Lawrence and the Riddle of 'S.A.'" [*SR*, June 15]. If Mr. Graves's theories are correct (and he backs up his argument well), this information sheds a great deal of light on the legendary, mysterious Lawrence. I, too, was puzzled by the poem dedicated "To S.A." in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. But then Lawrence throughout the book plays hide-and-seek with his readers, as he apparently did with everyone he knew. I was particularly disturbed by the epilogue of the book, where he says:

> Damascus had not seemed a sheath for my sword, when I landed in Arabia: but its capture disclosed the exhaustion of my main springs of action. The strongest motive throughout had been a personal one, not mentioned here, but present to me, I think, every hour of these two years. Active pains and joys might fling up, like towers, among my days: but, refluent as air, this hidden urge re-formed, to be the persisting element of life, till near the end. It was dead, before we reached Damascus.

Mr. Graves's explanation seems to solve the mystery in this loaded paragraph, particularly when related to the letter Mr. Graves mentions in which Lawrence says that the image of S.A. was omnipresent with him throughout the campaign.

The pieces of the puzzle begin to fall into place!

BARBARA FOSTER.

New York, N.Y.

MR. GRAVES is as tantalizing as T. E. Lawrence when he plays with the "S.A." riddle. But it might be interesting to substitute "Saudi Arabia" for "S.A." and then reread the poem.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I've been traded to the Duke of York for two pages and a jester."

As the writing of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* was mainly done at All Souls' in Oxford, we might even hold that college's name responsible for the dedication.

RICHARD M. MORRIS.

Kent, O.

ROBERT GRAVES may or may not recall some brief, indirect communication I had with him during the preparation for publication of my own biography of T. E. Lawrence, *The Desert and the Stars*. In any case, I hope he will forgive my pointing out his slip-of-the-pen. It was Carchemish in Syria that Lawrence helped Leonard Woolley excavate, not Ur of the Chaldees.

I did so much enjoy the article, which is such a pleasing antidote to the distorted image in the film of fame, *Lawrence of Arabia*. Mr. Graves, I note, finds Rattigan's play *Ross* unworthy; I trust he finds Robert Bolt's characterization in the film equally unworthy, however brilliant the photography.

FLORA ARMITAGE.

New York, N.Y.

WRONG NUMBER

SHAME ON YOU for disseminating incorrect information in YOUR LITERARY I.Q. [*SR*, June 15].

Schumann's Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major, the "Rhenish" Symphony, is Opus 97, not Opus 120, which refers to his Symphony No. 4 in D Minor.

ROBIN ROBINSON.

Hanover, N.H.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A number of other readers also noticed the false note.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Showplace of the Nation
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Circle 6-4600

The laugh block-buster of the year from Broadway's hilarious hit!

FRANK SINATRA
in
COME BLOW YOUR HORN

CO-STARRING
LEE J. COBB • MOLLY PICON • BARBARA RUSH • JILL ST. JOHN
and introducing TONY BILL
With guest stars Dan Blocker • Phyllis McGuire
Produced by Norman Lear & Bud Yorkin
Directed by Bud Yorkin
A Paramount Release in TECHNICOLOR and Panavision

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"TO THE MARINES"
Exciting melodious extravaganza of thrilling spectacular scenes with the renowned Purdue University Band, famed Rockettes, specialty acts, Ballet Company, guest artists and Symphony Orchestra.

"First-Rate Film-Making! Always Excellent!" —Saturday Review

PAUL NEWMAN
IS "HUD"!
A SALEM-DOVER PRODUCTION
CO-STARRING MELVYN DOUGLAS • PATRICIA NEAL • BRANDON deWILDE
PRODUCED BY MARTIN RITT
PANAVISION® AND IRVING RAVETCH
DIRECTED BY MARTIN RITT • SCREENPLAY BY IRVING RAVETCH AND HARRIET FRANK, JR.
FROM A NOVEL BY LARRY McMURTRY • MUSIC SCORED BY ELMER BERNSTEIN
A PARAMOUNT RELEASE

PARAMOUNT
Broadway & 43rd

A Walter Reade/ Sterling Theatre
CORONET
59th St. & 3rd Ave.
PL 1-1535-6

PARAMOUNT FREE PARKING! Meyers Bros. Speed-Park Gar., 314 W. 43 St. After 6 P.M. Wkdys After 11 A.M. Sun. (Limit 5 Hrs.)

Of Fleeing and Flying

ONE would suppose that the subject of prisoner-of-war escapes from German stalags had been pretty well covered in films by this time. It has been played straight in such pictures as *La Grande Illusion* and *The Wooden Horse*, not to mention dozens of war movies; and for laughs in *Stalag 17* and Jean Renoir's recent *Elusive Corporal*. It has remained, however, for director John Sturges and his script writers, W. R. Burnett and James Clavell, to combine the two into what is at once the most exhilarating and sobering adventure story of the year. *The Great Escape*, based on fact, is an ode to freedom, and to man's indomitable will to live free. If the price of freedom is an occasion death, this merely serves to underscore the value that man has always placed on his liberty.

Actually, even without this recognition, *The Great Escape* would still be pretty extraordinary. It moves like a movie. It is taut, vibrant, tingling as is establishes the elaborate and outlandish stratagems devised by the Allied POWs for a mass break-out from a maximum security camp. And it soars exuberantly in great gusts of wild good humor as the men, once on their own, find daringly original ways to make good their escapes and cross the frontiers to freedom. By train, by plane, by motorcycle, and on foot, they streak for the border, always aware that the price of capture may well turn out to be death.

What gives the picture stature is the fact that, true to history, many of its protagonists *are* captured. And, once captured, many are executed with summary, cold-blooded brutality. These multiple captures, climaxing the headlong chases, bring both the film and its viewer up cold. In war, that great adventure, the stakes are invariably high; and the moments of greatness to which men can be stimulated by the vicissitudes of war may have stark tragedy as their sole reward. *The Great Escape* does nothing to blink away this hard fact.

The film's few weaknesses stem from an overabundance in the material supplied by Paul Brickhill's original book. Some seventy-six men are involved in the escape; in concentrating upon, and personalizing, perhaps two dozen, there is still a certain amount of duplication, and at least one character (played by Donald Pleasence) that might profitably have been eliminated altogether. Again, the time factor poses a difficulty for the film makers. Here, both the escape and the recapture seem to take place with incredible swiftness. And in telescoping the details of the pursuit for film purposes, these "escape artists" (the Germans had rounded them up into a special camp because each had escaped at least once before) occasionally are made to seem just a bit naïve and stupid.

But all of this hardly matters in the cumulative effect of audaciously imaginative devices to outwit the Germans while in camp, and the fine trajectory of the climactic flight to freedom. Obviously, with so much detail to juggle, with so many characters to keep not only in motion but identifiable, director Sturges had his hands full. The triumphant fact is that he has managed it all beautifully. For all its sobering finale, one leaves *The Great Escape* thoroughly entertained and spiritually enriched. The shock ending helps. Men have done these things, it tells us—not just movie actors. Men, against incredible odds, found their way to freedom, and some willingly paid the full price for that freedom. The realization is heartening. Steve McQueen, James Garner, and Richard Attenborough head the large, international, and all-male cast; and all are more than equal to their assignments.

ALTHOUGH *The Great Escape* is in color, its world seems drab compared to the peacetime warfare depicted in *A Gathering of Eagles*, dedicated to our Strategic Air Command. It is a world of silvery planes and ballistics, of green, yellow, and orange flashing signals and flight suits—and of red telephones whose ominous ring alerts SAC commander Rock Hudson to the imminence of enemy invasion (or a no less dreaded surprise inspection). The dramatic ingredients of *Eagles* contain few surprises. A commanding officer, we learn, must command without compassion—least of all for himself and his wife. What may surprise the viewer, however, is the extent of SAC's preparedness in the event of hostile air activity, and the elaborate system of check and balances to forestall hasty or erroneous decisions. But most surprising of all is the minimal footage allocated to the B-52s and to the men who make them fly. Rock Hudson's home life is hardly *that* important. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stage Seen on Small Screen

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A theatrical event seen simultaneously on the stage and on TV is the subject of the following combined report from SR's theatre and television critics.*

CENTRAL Park at night makes an ideal background for a sultry outdoor play like *Antony and Cleopatra*. And the New York Shakespeare Festival has added to it Ming Cho Lee's setting of wind-weathered wooden pillars that suggest Roman Empire antiquity, David Amram's Near Eastern musical flourishes and laments, Theonie V. Aldredge's deep-hued costumes, and occasional whiffs of incense to remind us of the eternal appeal of sensual living.

In the middle of all this, Joseph Papp has staged an easygoing, friendly performance of the play in which the historical figures seem unremote and unextraordinary. As Antony, Michael Higgins seems less the great warrior or the great lover, than he does a world-weary official guiltily suffering through a consciously self-destructive relationship with a woman. And as Cleopatra, Colleen Dewhurst appears to be playing a compulsive game with Antony in which every tiny victory temporarily reassures her of her ability to possess men. The scenes with her women-in-waiting are played with a happily unevasive bawdiness that not only creates a real female camaraderie but also is unpretentiously funny. And probably no Cleopatra on record ever got as much humor out of the scene in which she encourages a Roman messenger to tell her—as he had better not—about Antony's marriage to Octavia.

While all this is thoroughly entertaining, the tragedy remains dormant until the final scenes, when Antony's last stand against the odds gives off a brief spark. And once Antony is dead, Cleopatra can fully commit herself to her only permanent bridegroom, death. This commitment sobers Miss Dewhurst and she is quietly classic in her effective dying speech.

There are impressive performances from Michael Moriarty as a callow, austere Octavius, from Ellen Holly and Betty Henritze as playgirls, and from Ramon Bieri, whose Enobarbus marks him as a most promising "large" actor. If this *Antony and Cleopatra* is less overpowering than the grand tragedy we customarily expect and never get, it is nonetheless compellingly natural and more credible than many a loftier attempt has proved.

—HENRY HEWES.

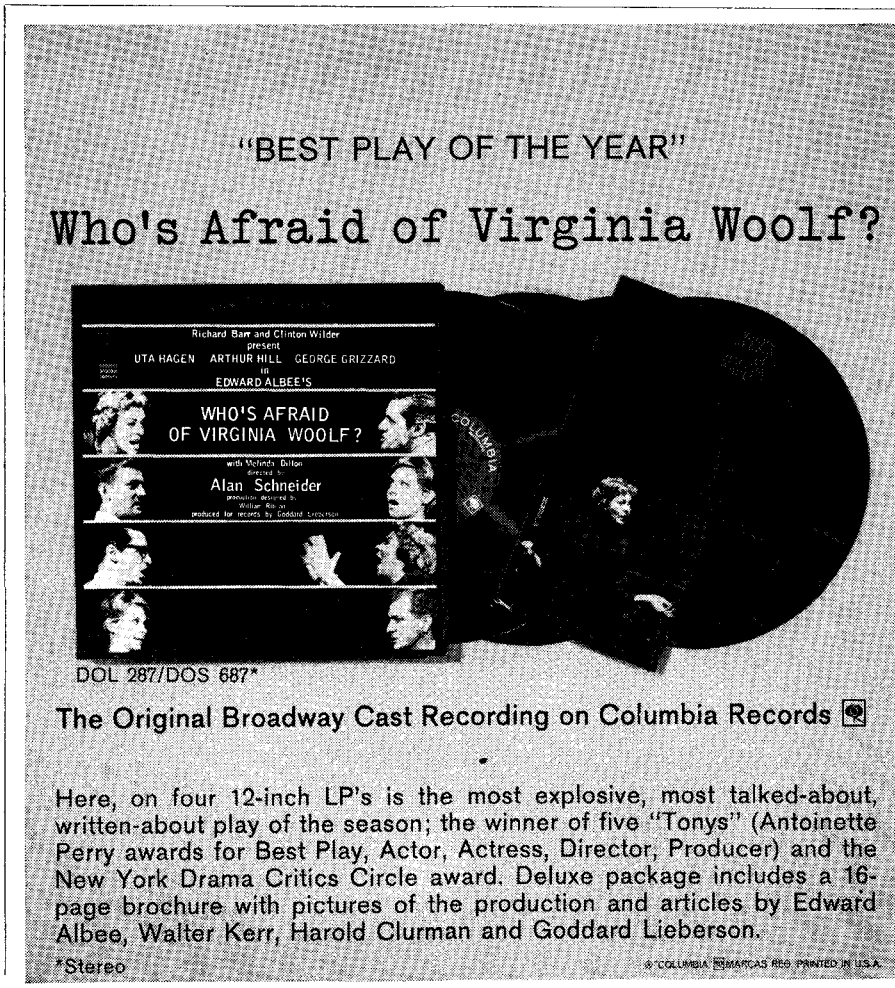
• • •

THE New York Shakespeare Festival's opening performance this season, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ran for two and three-quarter hours on WCBS-TV. A pre-taped performance was telecast by the CBS Television Network flagship station coincident with the stage première in Central Park. There was no sponsor; the local station picked up the entire tab for this production, as it did for the festival's *Merchant of Venice* last year. Save for a very short artificial intermission there were no interruptions. The production was serious and workmanlike, and the privilege of following an unfragmented Shakespearean story line was a tonic.

Because this production was not designed for television, it had many obstacles to overcome. That it sustained interest is a tribute to the festival company and to the TV production team. In the park, the Elizabethan stage against a night sky, with pools of light and color in enveloping darkness, probably unifies the far-flung action. On television the fixed stage held the cameras rather rigid; nor could they isolate the actors for more sharply intimate exchanges.

Shakespeare's battle scenes, so exciting to the Elizabethans, are difficult enough to bring off in a theatre. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, without benefit of suggested scene, they tended to be pallid and slack. The cameras were excellent, however, in the "supernatural" scene when soldiers hear voices singing in the earth—a portent of Antony's bad luck. Catching the torches moving about, they struck the right ghostly mood. There were slow scenes and rarely a dramatic climax, but on the whole Bruce Minnix, the television director, unfolded the stage action clearly. In sum, WCBS-TV, which eliminated three regular programs to telecast *Antony and Cleopatra*, and is also a financial contributor to the festival, gave first-rate service both to theatre and to television.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.


"BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR"
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Richard Barr and Clinton Wilder present
UTA HAGEN ARTHUR HILL GEORGE GRIZZARD
in
EDWARD ALBEE'S
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?
with Melinda Dillon
directed by
Alan Schneider
produced for records by Goddard Lieberson
COLUMBIA
DOL 287/DOS 687*
The Original Broadway Cast Recording on Columbia Records
Here, on four 12-inch LP's is the most explosive, most talked-about, written-about play of the season; the winner of five "Tonys" (Antoinette Perry awards for Best Play, Actor, Actress, Director, Producer) and the New York Drama Critics Circle award. Deluxe package includes a 16-page brochure with pictures of the production and articles by Edward Albee, Walter Kerr, Harold Clurman and Goddard Lieberson.
*Stereo
© COLUMBIA MARCAS REG PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Balkans in Brief—3. Bucur and the Big City

IT IS an odd circumstance of the day that the Communists, who are so busy hectoring us with political invective on the front pages, are spending their spare dollars on the travel pages with cheery advertisements inviting Westerners to come on holiday visits. I would be enchanted to think that all this was being done—however biting the insults are at the governmental level—in the interests of friendly understanding between peoples. But the truth seems to be that, like everyone else, except perhaps for Elizabeth Taylor and the West Germans, the socialist nations need dollars to buy goods and run their embassies. Nothing has made that more clear than the Soviet attitude itself. The Russians, after all, once they had seemingly interred his pathological xenophobia with Stalin's body, pioneered the drive to show the Westerners the glories of the socialist East.

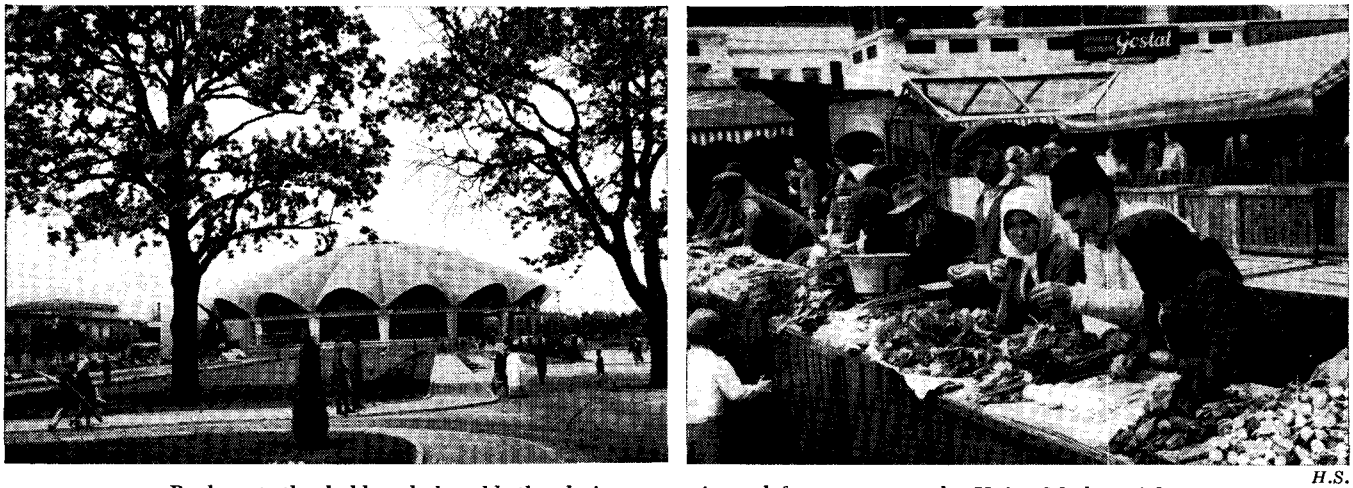
But alas, they finally succumbed to their atavistic distrust, and a few summers ago, while their paid invitations were still running in the American press, they were busy arresting American tourists as "spies." This year, I would think, it's going to be worse, for the Penkovsky case has recolored all the faded fears, and the Soviet people have now been officially warned to remain not just aloof from tourists, but watchful of them. You can never tell which one of those ample ladies from Cleveland, touring the Hermitage on the twenty-one day, all-inclusive tour of Europe, is really a CIA agent making careful entries in her diary each night, in invisible ink.

Having made three separate incursions into Russia since 1955, I feel, considering the present climate, that I have seen it in its best tourist years. But the satellite countries, or what they would prefer to call the "people's republics," have held a mounting curiosity for me, whetted, I will confess it, by those advertisements which are dispatched from the most unexpected Eastern capitals. Yugoslavia, about which I wrote this spring (*SR*, June 8, 15), is not really a fair example, for in ambiance it is, as I have already noted, part Greece, part Italy, and unfailingly friendly. What waited east of its borders I knew not, but one spring night, my niggling embarkation tax paid, I flew off from Belgrade bound for the Rumanian unknown.

Once the plane had come to a halt on the runway at Bucharest, a pair of soldiers in white gloves and smartly pressed uniforms, especially for that hour of night, took up positions on either side of the stairway. Passports were scrutinized and surrendered before passengers actually stepped down on Rumanian soil. It was a little ominous for those who had never before ventured into the Iron Curtain countries, and while the customs forms were enormously detailed, and the inspection was microscopic, bag by bag, it was over in an hour or so with no painful hitches. Since it is illegal to import Rumanian currency and there were no exchange bureaus open at the hour we arrived, we had no tips to give the porters. They asked for cigarettes, the first of many requests. There is nothing more highly prized by Rumanians than American cigarettes, unless it be a Nat Cole record.

In a small battered Russian taxi we drove into town along broad, flower-bordered boulevards, past floodlit buildings and open air cafés. It deposited us at the headquarters of Carpati, the national travel agency, a splendor of glass and modern furnishings equipped with a bar and a battery of clerks. The bar sold drinks and also, at $5 each, payable in dollars by a holder of a Western passport, cartons of American cigarettes. The clerks changed money and assigned rooms in the city's hotels. The line of arriving travelers in front of us was long and their problems were involved. There were two Austrians who, having paid in advance for single rooms, had been given one room with a double bed, and vowed to take their complaint to higher authority—whoever, in the dead of night, that might be. They were followed by an ex-Rumanian, now of Brazil, accompanied by his wife who spoke only Portuguese. Having just arrived in his old country, they were on their way to spend the night at his mother's house, which happened to be forty miles in the country. And then there was us. We had arrived one day early because Tarom, the Rumanian airline, which is represented in Belgrade by JAT, the Yugoslavian line, was unable to confirm our air tickets for the following day. You have never been properly frustrated until you've been filtered through two Balkan airlines. We had elected, with telegraphed notice to Carpati, to come by Austrian Airlines that night. And then there was U Thant, who had arrived with a party, further complicating the delicate hotel structure in Bucharest. The Austrians suggested that U Thant be given their double bed and they take his suite, but the outrageous humor of that suggestion was lost on the clerk, a German girl whose parents had settled here in the days of Nazi-Rumanian amity, and the Austrians, who by now were performing like a beer-and-wurst version of Olsen and Johnson, went out the glass doors clucking and threatening.

Long after midnight, on a day that



H.S.

Bucharest, the bold and the old—the daring new circus, left; peasants at the Union Market, right.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had begun at dawn in Dubrovnik, we were installed in the Hotel Lido on the Bulevardul General Magheru. The Lido's advantages, and it had some if you really searched, were that it was next door to Carpati offices, whence all tourist facilities flow, and it sported a swimming pool. The use of the pool was lost on me since it was outdoors and, at the time of my arrival, had not yet been filled. The crowd that normally assembles on the terraces that overhang it was still indoors in the restaurant, a room supported by columns covered with mirrored tiles, attended by waiters in rumpled black uniforms, decorated with plants wrapped in tinfoil, entertained by an energetic jazz band, and filled with a mixed bag of customers. We ordered vodka and it came in water tumblers. We ordered caviar, and it came the way the butter arrives in Copenhagen, in great slabs. The caviar was a palliative, the vodka an anesthetic, and we went to bed to the rattle of the street cars grumbling along the Bulevardul General Magheru under our second-floor window.

The other hotel recommended for Western tourists is the Athénée Palace, in no way to be confused with the Plaza Athénée of Paris, the Athénée Palace of Athens, or the Palace in San Francisco. Its rooms are simple and not very stylish, but its public salons recall, wistfully perhaps, a certain bygone grandeur, now rather threadbare. Like the Lido and all other so-called de luxe hotels in Rumania, it charges $11 a day for room and board. It is the custom of the country to pay in advance, normally at one's travel agency in the States. In my case, I made my arrangements through Cosmos in New York, an agency that specializes in Eastern European travel. It arranged for my visas, sent cables, phoned the embassies in Washington, and in the long run imposed a service charge. While it automatically asks for a $10-15 charge for this service, the fee may be higher. Its director, Gabriel Reiner, feels, as he later explained to me, that a travel agent's work ought to be evaluated the same as any other professional man's. It is not possible, he says, to fix a flat fee. The assumption that a travel agent's sole reimbursement derives from carriers and hotels stands some prior clarification.

Bucharest, which is said to owe its establishment to a shepherd called Bucur who settled here, sprawls on the great Rumanian plain in the southeast part of the country, not very far from the Bulgarian border. It is today a curious amalgam—part of it a relic of former fashionable days when it was often likened to Paris; part of it still peasant; part of it weighted down by the ballast of Soviet memorials; part of it alive with the emergence of a new, lively imaginative taste.

From its early days there is the Bucur Church, a rustic relic supposedly built on the site that Bucur first chose. All whitewashed and wood on the outside, it drips with wistaria and age. It has been a shrine since 1702, although today its flock is mostly the grandparents who filter through its beautiful carved wooden door to revere the icons on glass and those on silver and the walls hung with Rumanian carpets.

In a hilltop enclave nearby stands the Patriarchal Church, done in Rumanian style, its veranda like a peasant's house, ornamental stylized Byzantine crosses reaching into a sky that covers this new atheistic society. The flashy new booklet *Rumania in Brief*, published by the state, doesn't even bother to list this primary seat of Rumanian religious life among the sights to see in Bucharest, but inside the church a nun bowed before the altar of gilded wood. And in front of the icons inlaid with precious stone and metal bits, the railing was well worn. The nun leaned to kiss the icon of the Archangel Michael. Behind her stood the four golden chairs reserved, our state-appointed guide informed me, for ecclesiastical dignitaries; and near that a glass case containing the blackened bones of the hand of St. Domitru. As we went out the door, a woman, hearing that we were Americans, pressed tulips into our hands and whispered effervescent words of friendship and delight in our visit.

From its days between the wars and the era that preceded 1914, times when Bucharest was considered some eastern outpost of the cosmopolitan West, there are still rows of fussy stone buildings that look like Paris, there is the arch of triumph itself which stands astride the Soseaua Kisselef at the entrance to the city. There is the Atheneum downtown, around the corner from the Athénée Palace, which the official guidebook says was "patronized by a limited privileged audience, but today . . . has become the great concert-hall of the capital, always filled by a numerous public." And then, alongside the Patriarchal Church, there is the long and monarchial Grand National Assembly that might have been lifted from any capital from Paris to Vienna.

The military academy was built between the wars, but the Russians have embossed it with their influence, a massive heroic statue that symbolizes the glory of Rumanian aviators, soldiers, and sailors who, poor souls, were obliged first to fight on behalf of the Nazis and later in support of the Russians and to fall equally dead for both causes. At each corner stands a Rumanian soldier, his white-gloved hands holding a submachine gun. The day I got there, should a further Russian touch be needed, a long gray line of gray-haired ladies was sweeping the cobblestones that had been sprayed by a water truck. Elsewhere the city is sprinkled with parks of Culture and Rest, a Young Pioneers' Palace, a Dynamo sports stadium, all names familiar in the socialist lexicon. The most

RESERVATIONS AND INFORMATION: YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

FAMILIES LOVE
VAILL HOTEL
and Country Club
BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

Owner-supervised hotel, famous for good food and comfort. Beautiful location overlooking the ocean. Sandy beaches, golf courses, wonderful fishing, tennis, etc. Perfect for sea-cooled relaxation. Modified American Plan. Tel: HOward 6-2351.

Write for Folder E

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

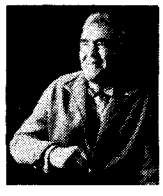
formidable of all the concrete Russian influences is Scinteia Printing Works, an enormous, spired masterpiece of postwar Russian piling that once did the printing for all the Comintern when its world headquarters was here.

In the architecture that came later there seems to have been an emergence of a Rumanian renaissance, a sudden new unusual school that so far has eluded the Russians themselves. It shows itself in the home of the Council of Ministers, whose façade is a handsome pattern of windows and arches standing along the main route into the city, and it absolutely beams from the Bucharest Circus, a glass building covered by a daring roof, a concrete handkerchief that looks as if it had been dropped and then left to harden in graceful folds. It shows in the enormous taste with which the museums display their limited works lifted only recently from private owners now departed. And it shows in the unfailing friendliness of the people—in the Union Market where the peasants still wear their furry hats and babushkas, and in the sophisticated cafés where Viceroys are the preference and Nat King Cole a prime topic of conversation.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(*Continued next week.*)

"What a treat it is to get a whole book of Carson!"



I've been chasing his stuff for years. He is a trailblazer in imaginative yet true travel writing and is really delightful." — HERBERT MITGANG

TRAVELS:
NEAR AND FAR OUT
By Anthony Carson
$4.95, now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Pelleas at Glyndebourne—Concerts in Town

LONDON.

A PERFORMANCE of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* in which every note of every orchestral interlude was clearly audible—surely this must be a product of the imagination! Granted, if it is understood that the imagination is the one that deemed Glyndebourne's intimate space consecrated to Mozart no less suitable to Debussy. The outcome is a match as harmonious as the one that makes Bayreuth the preferable place in which to hear *Parsifal*—though for inverse reasons. Glyndebourne's compactness draws one into the intimacies of Debussy's thought as Bayreuth's amplitude engulfs the listener with Wagner's emotion.

This is the second year of *Pelléas* at Glyndebourne, and those with proper experience judge that it is settling in as a house specialty, profiting this year from a cast change or two to make even more persuasive the musical direction of Vittorio Gui and the staging of Carl Ebert. Easily the most important alteration is the one that finds the young Dutch artist Hans Wilbrink as Pelléas. Something between a high baritone and a tenor—the role, of course, has been sung by both—Wilbrink's career until recently had more to do with oratorio than opera. But the clarity, ease, and fine sound of his vocal effort, plus his good appearance, promise to make him a celebrity in this part if in no other. Glyndebourne's intimacy may promote a false judgment of vocal carrying power, but it plays no favorites where artistry is concerned. Either way Wilbrink's command of the French text enabled him to match the best standards of the company in which he found himself.

This was by no means inconsiderable, for it included such excellent (and natively French) performers as Denise Duval as Mélisande and Michel Roux as Golaud. The history of this work points the verity that the best performers of Mélisande are those who can create an illusion of innocence and youth, with or without the aid of chronology. Miss Duval, who is famous for her many appearances in the works of the late Francis Poulenc, weaves slowly but ever so securely a net of illusion, which, after a while, makes a tight mesh around Debussy and the listener. Considering her poetic enunciation of the text and her fine feeling for vocal line, Miss Duval could, in little (or no) time, be the première Mélisande of the day. Roux, to his credit, does not parade self-advantage at the expense of the role. His Golaud is content to appear vacillating, trustful, and indulgent of his innocently capricious bride, until the moment of decision. Then he strikes swiftly, mortally.

In a way, this was consistent with the musical direction of Gui, which is always carefully drawn, but bides its time to make a dramatic climax. In these surroundings, such underplaying could be risked without danger to attention, especially as it is in keeping with the dramatic graph of Debussy's score, in which pages and pages pass until a *forte* is reached. Where else could one hear Debussy's artfully balanced orchestral values with equal audibility and with such a lack of strain? Time and again it recalled Debussy's admiration for the musical procedures of *Parsifal*, with which it has a sizable, if subsurface relationship.

Not the least of these is the Frenchman's striving for a continuous, uninterrupted musical flow through the orchestral interludes that connect the scenes of each act. Familiarly, in such an auditorium as the Metropolitan's, there are 2,000 people who believe that nothing of importance happens when the curtain is down during an opera, and another 1,000 who are shushing them. In consequence, the patient 500 hear nothing. For *Pelléas* at Glyndebourne, a curtain is drawn rather than lowered, and a projection upon it indicates that this is, indeed, an interlude rather than a break. This seemed a possibly unnecessary precaution, for the audience listened with no suggestion of even a patter of applause or a whisper of competition with Gui's well-phrased direction of the Royal Philharmonic in the pit. This alone would be an overwhelming reason for saying "yes" to any questions about *Pelléas* at Glyndebourne.

Not that such questions are wholly lacking (they rarely are). Here they relate to the scenic arrangement, which is persuasive when the stage is dark or semi-lit; rather skimpy in full light. Beni Montresor has solved well the problem of illusion in these tight quarters; but better modulated lighting may be possible when a new control system is installed before next season. In addition to those noted previously, Guus Hoekman as Arkel and Anna Reynolds as Geneviève responded well to the mood and purpose of Ebert's

(*Continued on page 47*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

21 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks discusses TV's *Camera Three*
22 The Publishing Scene: On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel
23 The New Life: A Day on a Collective Farm; One Day in the "New Life," both by Fyodor Abramov.
24 The Life of an Amorous Woman and Other Writings, by Ihara Saikaku, edited and translated by Ivan Morris; Jou Pu Tuan, by Li Yü, translated by Richard Martin
25 The Glass-Blowers, by Daphne du Maurier
28 The Doughboys: The Story of the AEF, 1917-1918, by Laurence Stallings
29 Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay: The Enlisted Soldier Fighting the Indian Wars, by Don Rickey, Jr.
30 Poetry Quarterly, by Judson Jerome
33 Complete Poems and Selected Letters of Michelangelo; Michelangelo: His Life, His Times, His Era, by Georg Brandes
34 *SR*'s Check List of Current Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Weekly View of Reel Fiction

FOUR years ago, having been exposed to television for the first time, I wrote a piece (*SR*, June 27, 1959) about the one program that had consistently given me pleasure, *Camera Three*. At the end I said: "I have a fact to report, for what it is worth, to the television industry: after looking at a lot of shows while living in New York City, I have decided not to buy a television set for my upstate home. If, however, *Camera Three* were locally available, for that and that alone I'd have a set installed before 11:30 next Sunday."

The program did become available, and in the fall of 1960 I bought a television. (The approaching election was also an inducement.) Since then I have watched *Camera Three*—currently shown at eleven on Sundays—with the faithfulness of a good churchgoer, and the program has seldom disappointed me and has often been a delight. It has invaded many fields—music frequently, sometimes the dance, the theatre, the movies, sometimes current events—and I have been happy to go along with it, but what has interested me most is what it has done with literary subjects.

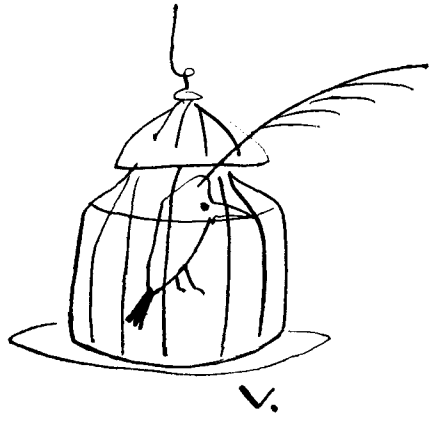
Recently *Camera Three* celebrated its tenth anniversary with a revival of four programs, two of which I had seen, two of which were before my time. Three of the shows were literary, the fourth being "The Stamp of Steinberg," an original and most ingenious presentation of what would seem to be rather intractable material.

The first of the revivals was part of a dramatization of Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*, produced in 1958 by Robert Herridge, the original producer of *Camera Three* and a man who deserves great credit for the program's excellence. What I felt in this version of *Notes* was a high order of intelligence, eager to cope with Dostoevsky's subtleties. Michael Kane was admirable as the single character, but it was the whole conception of the production that was so impressive. Everything—the set, the lighting, the use of the cameras—contributed to a faithful rendering of the author's intentions.

The second revival was Lewis Freedman's production of "The Secret Agent," a program made up of poems by W. H. Auden, read by a group of actors sitting or standing about in a café or bar. One of *Camera Three*'s remarkable achievements has been the finding of actors who can read poetry, even so-called "difficult" poetry, extremely well, and the spirit of Auden came through beautifully.

The last was "The Image of Pope," with various actors representing Alexander Pope and his contemporaries and reciting what he wrote about himself and what was written about him. Sid Moglen did the script, making a happy choice of quotations, and Clair Roskam produced the show. The acting, as almost always, was excellent.

There are many other shows that I recall with much pleasure. There was, for instance, a program devoted to the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson, chiefly his poems about people in Tilbury Town. Because the poems were about people, they lent themselves to dramatization, but the dramatization was so wisely handled that it did not detract from the poems as poems. On the contrary, it made one freshly conscious of Robinson's gifts as a poet.



John McGiffert was producer of *Camera Three* when I first became a regular watcher, and there were many shows of his that I liked. In my piece four years ago I spoke particularly of his version of Sara Orne Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. Later he did another of Miss Jewett's stories, *The Queen's Twin*, and delicately rendered its peculiarly poignant quality. He also presented a not very well-known story of Hawthorne's, "Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure," which turned out to be just right for *Camera Three*'s purposes. And there was an exciting version of William March's *Company K*.

Clair Roskam, who was formerly a writer for *Camera Three*, has been the producer since September 1961. I particularly liked his treatment of Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, which was as funny and as pointed as it could be, without any of the tediousness I feel in the novel. Less successful was the adaptation of John Updike's *The Poorhouse*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fair, which proved too complicated for half-hour treatment. A particularly fine program was devoted to stories by Katherine Mansfield, with Mildred Dunnock doing some superb acting.

Not all the literary programs are dramatizations. Sometimes there is straight reading, as when Katherine Anne Porter read a selection of love poems, or when a group of actors recited poems about spring. In a program based on Marcelline Hemingway Sanford's *At the Hemingways* dramatization of some episodes in Ernest Hemingway's youth was combined with an interview with Mrs. Sanford about her brother. An interview with Father Flye and Dwight Macdonald about James Agee was combined with a reading of some of Agee's letters.

Other times there have been discussion programs, one of the best being a talk about William Faulkner, with Malcolm Cowley and Cleanth Brooks taking part. In a similar program devoted to E. E. Cummings the participants were Glenway Wescott and Slater Brown. Clair Roskam has written me: "We do discussion programs on *Camera Three* when our energies or our financial resources need a rest, and we always feel a little guilty about them, as though we had dropped the ball. Curiously, they tend to draw a lot of mail." I'm sure they do, if only because discussion programs on *Camera Three* are so much superior to most of those that appear on TV—for instance, the much publicized conversations of Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren last winter. On *Camera Three* the talk seems as free and natural as conversation in public can possibly be.

In explaining to a reporter for the Sunday *Times* how the program has been able to adhere for ten years to its original purpose, Clair Roskam said: "I think it is due to our absolute freedom from control. No one tells us what to do, or even what not to do." This is just what the spectator feels. Here are minds functioning freely—the minds of the producer, the director, the script writer, the cameramen, the actors, and no doubt many others. *Camera Three*'s approach to a work of literature is always honest, which is more than you can say of most television programs. (Consider, for example, what was done to Shaw's *Pygmalion* on one of the big shows last spring.) But you get more than a faithful rendering; you get an interpretation that is the work of active, first-rate intelligences. I am sure that intelligence of that order can be found all through the television industry; the pity is that it is so seldom allowed to operate.

—Granville Hicks.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

On the Fringe

JULIAN GLOAG is of the stuff that writer's dreams are made on. The soft-spoken Britisher, whose pale, piercing eyes and beaky nose combine to suggest an eagle in a business suit, came to this country seven years ago "out of boredom with England and because of the offer of a job as a glove salesman in Illinois." Today he is an editor with Hawthorn Books and the author of a Simon & Schuster best-seller. The novel, *Our Mother's House*, went through three printings in its first two weeks and is currently selling a brisk 1,000 copies per week. Publication is already planned in England, Holland, France, and Germany with more countries to come. Pocket Books has bought the paperback rights, and a movie sale is definite.

Second best to having all of the above happen to oneself is to hear firsthand of the glories of success. Mr. Gloag was a complete disappointment.

Question: Tell me, Mr. Gloag, how has your life changed?

Answer: Well, people are nicer around the office. And the jokes I tell are better received though I know I tell them badly.

Question: But there must be more than that?

Answer: Well, it has given me a better opinion of myself.

Question (with growing desperation): Your family then, they must be very excited?

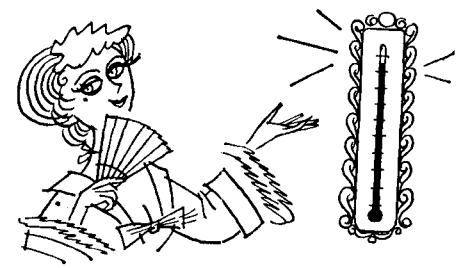
Answer: Wild enthusiasm from my mother, strangely enough. I mean, my father writes works on architecture. His name is John Gloag, and this year he is having his fifty-third book published so there was not much reaction there. (Pause) You see how it is—fifty-three books against my one, after all.

Question (last gasp): But you're famous now. You've written a best-seller, a sleeper, a successful first novel. People want to know about all of the glamorous changes in your life. Have you bought a Rolls?

Answer: You know what I really think about? I think of all the past girl friends who were concerned with how much I earned. I wonder what they are thinking now.

And so, as the interview sank slowly in the West, the only conclusion to be reached was that they just don't make successes any more the way they used to.

NO MATTER what the Weather Man is up to, in the publishing world this is the hottest July on record. The reason, of course, is G. P. Putnam's issuance of *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, which the firm chastely catalogues as "The classic novel and outstanding literary curiosity first published in England in the middle-eighteenth century." The high-toned verbiage is meant to disguise the fact that good old Fanny Hill, a lady who was more curious than curiosity, has finally gotten to these shores without the aid of smugglers.



If there is anything about MOAWOP that warrants the label "curiosity," it is that the book contains not one individual word (but watch out for those sentences!) which would be out of place in a Louisa May Alcott novel. Furthermore, and most curious of all, while Fanny's frolics have kept her on the under-the-counter best-seller list for two centuries, her creator is virtually unknown.

His name was John Cleland (1709-1789), and the first forty years of his life were highlighted by posts in Smyrna (British Consul) and India (with the British East India Company) and pockmarked by stopovers in debtor's prisons on the Continent. With the publication of *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* in 1749—for which he received a paltry twenty guineas while his publisher reaped some 10,000 pounds—and a rather paler trip down the primrose path entitled *Memoirs of a Coxcomb*, Cleland achieved security by becoming a literary remittance man.

Lord Granville, who had attended a Privy Council investigation of Cleland and his writings, permanently fettered Cleland's racy pen by arranging a pension of 100 pounds per year for life if Cleland never wrote *that* sort of thing again. He happily agreed and spent the remaining twenty-five debt-free years of his life turning out second-rate plays and researching word origins.

It is wondrous to note that the author

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who gave the world its most famous Hill also wrote *Specimen of an Etymological Vocabulary, or Essay by Means of the Analytic Method to Retrieve the Ancient Celtic.*

Fanny outsold that one, too.

DR. MARGARET MURRAY, as steady readers of this magazine know, is celebrating her one-hundredth birthday on July 13 with the publication by Hawthorn Books of her revised *The Splendor That Was Egypt.* Moreover, she is at work on her memoirs, a longish book no doubt.

Conversely, the memoirs of Shelagh Delaney, to be published in August by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the title *Sweetly Sings the Donkey,* make for a slender volume and rightly so. The author who electrified the theatrical world at the age of nineteen with *A Taste of Honey,* is a mere twenty-four —another striking age for looking backwards. For impatient fans who can't contain themselves until August, here is an advance bit of Delaney autobiography from the questionnaire she filled out for her publishers. Asked to list the jobs she has held, she zipped back:

> Saturday morning job in milk factory counting bottles. Asked to retire from position gracefully owing to inability to count correctly.
>
> On leaving school found job in gown shop—left voluntarily after one week's service.
>
> Worked as usherette in Manchester Opera House—sacked for fraternising with actors.
>
> Obtained employment in Research Lab. of Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Co.
>
> Trafford Park, Salford. Lancashire. Worked for eighteen months as photographer's assistant until play A TASTE OF HONEY was produced and made me rich and famous.

Shelagh Delaney is obviously no waster of time or words. Decreasing still further in years, meet Caroline Glyn, aged sixteen, who already has her first novel, *Don't Knock the Corners Off,* lined up with Coward-McCann for January publication and is pounding away at her second. She describes *Corners* as a novel of "school life seen from underneath," meaning from the pupil's viewpoint, and admits to having written "some of it during chemistry lessons."

And now comes the depressing footnote. If it seems like only yesterday that you were being titillated by Elinor Glyn's wicked *Three Weeks,* better brace yourself. The sixteen-year-old lady of letters is her granddaughter.

There has been no word as to what, if anything, Caroline Kennedy is writing.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

FICTION

Postwar Gloom in the Commune

The New Life: A Day on a Collective Farm, *by Fyodor Abramov, translated by George Reavey (Grove. 144 pp. Paperback, 50¢),* ***and One Day in the "New Life,"*** *by Fyodor Abramov, translated by David Floyd (Praeger. 174 pp. $3.50), fault the system for the backwardness and corruption of the kolkhoz, or collective farm. Harrison E. Salisbury is the author of "The Northern Palmyra Affair."*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

FOR THE first time in more than a generation first-rate productions by Soviet authors are beginning to reach American readers, the latest being this harshly realistic, bitter, and pungent landscape of northern Russia peasant life. It is an anomaly that at this precise moment the pendulum of Soviet party control has so sharply swung back toward Stalinist *diktat* as to threaten to dry up the freshet at the source.

The pattern for Abramov's unvarnished impressions of the sloth, backwardness, bureaucracy, and petty greed in the villages of the Archangel region was set by Alexander Solzhenitsin's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich.* But this is not by way of denigrating Abramov's talents. He brings vividly to us a picture of the rough villagers—stoking their stoves for the weekly steam bath instead of taking to the fields to get in the forage; slashing and chopping at the fresh pine timber to build their own huts instead of tending to *kolkhoz* matters; conniving to cheat the state and then swarming to work when the beleaguered *kolkhoz* chairman, in a moment of drunkenness, promises them triple pay if they will only get out into the fields.

Abramov's portrait of Klavdia Nekhoroshkova—the strongest, best worker on the collective farm, but a woman driven to drink and profligacy by the loneliness of the male-impoverished countryside—etches the deep tragedy of postwar life in the Russian village.

Not since the Sholokhov of the first versions of *And Quiet Flows the Don* has the sweat, the smell, the passion, and the flavor of Russian country scenes been so powerfully conveyed. What strikes the American reader most forcefully is the continuity of existence in the back country today with that of the "dark people" of Dostoevsky's time. A century has rolled by but the

—Harrison Salisbury.

Peasants on a collective farm—a harshly bitter landscape.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enduring darkness of the Russian provinces has lightened but little.

Why—after forty-five years of Communism—has the countryside changed so little and why have the changes, often as not, been for the worse rather than the better? No one can read the dismal tale of twenty-four hours in the life of Collective Farm Chairman Mysovsky without sharing the conviction of the disillusioned chairman himself—that the root of the trouble lies in the system.

> Just remember [Mysovsky muses] how many stupidities—or rather—what crimes were committed in his time. Maybe he'd forgotten about the excesses of 1930? It was easy to talk about "excesses." And what about the tax in kind imposed after the war when year after year they scraped every single grain out of the *Kolkhoz* barn? And the business of planting corn year after year practically inside the Arctic circle?

Since Premier Khrushchev is the most notable sponsor of corn-planting, it is hardly to be wondered that the Abramov work, along with the rest of the Soviet new wave, has fallen athwart the savage new assault of the Kremlin's anti-liberals.

As seems to be the pattern lately, the American reader has a choice of two translations. Both that of George Reavey for Grove Press and David Floyd for Praeger bear the earmarks of haste. Neither quite conveys the salty tang of Abramov's earthy prose, but Floyd's rings more dissonantly on the American ear because of its frequent Briticisms.

On the Orient Excess

The Life of an Amorous Woman and Other Writings, *by Ihara Saikaku, edited and translated from the Japanese by Ivan Morris (New Directions. 403 pp. $5.50), and* ***Jou Pu Tuan,*** *by Li Yü, translated from the German by Richard Martin (Grove. 376 pp. $6.50), respectively Japanese and Chinese erotica, were written in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Among Robert Payne's several books about the Orient are "The White Pony: An Anthology of Chinese Poetry."*

By ROBERT PAYNE

THIRTY years ago erotic novels were still something of a novelty, sold under the counter and perused with an exciting sensation of guilt. They came in unmarked wrappers or were smuggled through customs, hidden deep in our luggage among the unwashed socks and shirts, or displayed jauntily, but with false covers, among the other books brought back from abroad. Now the customs inspectors who search for pornographic literature have become a joke, for every bookstall carries its load of salacity.

Why, when, and how the flood was let loose are questions the sociologists will have to deal with for many years to come. What is clear is that the flood has come, and nothing can stop it.

These reflections have arisen as the result of reading two erotic novels of respectable ancestry: one so brilliant and beautiful that it has every right to be regarded as the standard by which erotic novels should be judged, the other as drab as any that have been tossed into the literary market place. One is Japanese, the other Chinese; and both belong to the same tradition. But one flowers, and the other goes to seed.

Saikaku's *The Life of an Amorous Woman*, admirably translated by Ivan Morris, is one of those works that belong to the very heights of literature. In theory the novel consists of a series of episodes in which an elderly woman, now settled in a monastery, recounts as a warning to two young men who have ruined themselves in the pursuit of pleasure the vicissitudes of her dissolute life. She has been a court attendant, the concubine of an impotent *daimyo*, a courtesan, the wife of a monk, a parlormaid, a streetwalker. She has been all things to all men and some women, and throughout her life, she tells herself, she has been driven by lust. But what characterizes this woman, who is quietly capable of performing the most terrible acts of revenge or the most casual deeds of generosity, is her overwhelming humanity. She is always herself, always in character. It is not only that she is completely convincing, but she succeeds in convincing us that she has relished every moment of her life, and when she complains or beats her breast she is merely performing the rituals demanded of her. What makes the work still more engrossing is a kind of calm effrontery sedulously cultivated. Without batting an eyelid, she says things that, as far as I know, have never been said before.

Japanese critics, who have only recently rediscovered Saikaku, tend to compare him with Daniel Defoe, who was his contemporary. Both spring from a world of social change, with the merchant class gaining in power over the established aristocracy. The old virtues are dying out, and the new virtues all have their price. Yet bourgeois culture, as Karl Marx observed, possesses an extraordinary richness especially in its beginnings. The new culture was typified in Japan by Kabuki and puppet theatres, the *haiku*, the woodcut, and the elaborate pleasures of the Yoshiwara, where the prostitutes wore the elaborate gowns designed for the nobility of an earlier age. It was a world of seething adventure and cultivated immorality, but it was also a world that gave the ordinary people a stake in life beyond the dreams of former generations; and if there was exploitation, there was also the emergence of individuals capable for the first time of employing their multitudinous talents.

Just as Japan under the Togukawa Shogunate possessed a richer culture than the England of the second half of the seventeenth century, so Saikaku writes with a keener pen than Defoe. He has not Defoe's inventiveness, but when it comes to an understanding of the human heart, Saikaku is easily his superior. Saikaku also had the advantage of being a considerable poet who could write verses as simply as other people breathe. On one occasion he composed 23,500 verses within twenty-four hours. This works out at 3.3 seconds per verse.

Saikaku's facility with verses is per-

—From "Jou Pu Tuan."

The Before Midnight Scholar and his wife Noble Scent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps the least important thing about him. He writes with grace and power. Here, for example, is the amorous woman coming towards the end of her life to a Buddhist temple and seeing the statues of the 500 disciples of Buddha:

> As I stood there gazing calmly at these 500 Buddhas, I found that every single one reminded me of some man with whom in the past I had been intimate. I thought back incident by incident of all my years in the sad floating trade, and felt that nothing in the world is so terrible as a woman who practices this calling. The men I had met numbered more than 10,000, yet my body was only one. Shameful and wretched it was that only thus had I lingered in this world! My breast seemed to roar like the chariot of fire and tears welled up in my eyes like bubbles of boiling water. I was overcome by a delirium of grief, and quite forgetting that I was in a temple, I fell to the ground.
>
> As I lay there, a great company of priests entered the hall. "It will soon be dark," said one of them, and they began to ring the bell for vespers. As I came to my senses, I heard a priest say, "What can have brought this old woman to such a state of sorrow?" Turning to me, he continued, "Does one of these Buddhas remind you of some dead child of yours, or your husband?"

It is of such things that great literature is made, and there is much, much more in this book, which also includes selections from Saikaku's other stories.

Li Yü was a contemporary of Saikaku, but they are divided by a world of sentiment. His *Jou Pu Tuan* ("The Prayer Mat of Flesh") comes to us from a German version by Franz Kuhn rendered into excellent English by Richard Martin. It is clearly influenced by the *Chin P'ing Mei*, which is almost certainly the greatest of all erotic classics. But where the *Chin P'ing Mei* moves with passion, with a fierce sense of brooding hell-fires, the *Jou Pu Tuan*, which describes the innumerable amorous adventures of the Before Midnight Scholar, moves mechanically, coldly, and almost purposelessly. The genitalia are nearly always in the foreground. There are minute descriptions of them as they act out their roles, as though the author were standing by with his magnifying glass. The Before Midnight Scholar has only one aim: to seduce as many women as possible. Being puny, he has a dog's genitals grafted onto him, and the description of the grafting is properly hair-raising. But there is never any feeling that real people are involved, or that their love-making is anything but a mechanical act performed for no comprehensible purpose. Saikaku's lustful women and debonair men are closer to us than we know, while Li Yü's ballet of genitalia seems oddly remote, and rather disagreeable.

So there they are: two different worlds. Saikaku sees the world in all its glory and finery, with men and women playing their happy, heartbreaking roles; he studies them with careless assurance, understanding them as only a master can understand them, while Li Yü throws understanding aside and concentrates on trying to shock us.

Revolution Personified: Although set against a rich and tumultuous background, *The Glass-Blowers* (Doubleday, $4.95) emerges as a mere genre study of a bourgeois family combined with a textbook treatise of the French Revolution and the civil war that followed it. Daphne du Maurier's talent for suspense seems to have eluded her here as she tells the story of Master Glass-Blower Mathurin Busson and his strong and virtuous wife, their five children, and an assortment of grandchildren. If this historical study of the author's own forbears seems too sentimental and humorless, perhaps for allegorical reasons she preferred not to alter the characteristics of her *personae*, who seemingly represent various elements involved in the Revolution. Sophie, for instance, carries on a conservation based on the clan's *ancien régime*, but modified enough to allow her to stand with one foot in the stream of social reform without being carried away by its force. Edmé, a sexless female and youngest of the tribe, works for equality and happiness for all by attacking philosophically most existing institutions. Opportunistic, irresponsible Robert, first-born, falls victim to the aristocratic fantasies that control his life. Quixotic Pierre, dedicated to civic service, becomes a disciple of Rousseau and revolts in the cause of coercive idealism. Michel, hampered by a stammer that prevents adequate communication, represents fanaticism and intolerance culminating in violence.

There are occasional flashes of vivid description reminiscent of Carlyle, and a few passages about *les émigrés* are echoes of Dickens, but the story line is so thin and original thought so scarce that the book seems unworthy of the wide circulation it has been enjoying. The plot, visible in the prologue, is as transparent as the heirloom goblet that symbolizes the Busson family heritage. Between the prologue and the epilogue we read a seemingly endless tale of what happened to these glass house-keepers who couldn't resist stoning thrones. Miss du Maurier has not enhanced her reputation by this historian's approach to glass-blowing.

—JOAN BOSTWICK.

ARTIST AT WORK: MARC CHAGALL

Special Supplement Issue

In the past five years artist Marc Chagall has found a vibrant "new" medium in stained glass windows. "Art isn't something that's made for a museum. Art itself has the nature of a chapel, of something sacred, a sanctuary." Read Carlton Lake's intimate story on Chagall. 24 pages, illustrated by full-color reproductions of the artist's work in the July Atlantic.

Also

"Exercise and Heart Disease": Samuel A. Levine, M.D., disagrees with Dr. Paul Dudley White's view that physical exercise is useful in preventing heart disease.

NOW ON SALE

A TRILOGY

An allegory of our times set in medieval France

HIGH ARE THE MOUNTAINS
DEEP ARE THE VALLEYS
THE SILENT TARN

by Hannah Closs

"Intensity of vision . . . of extraordinary poignancy and beauty." *L. P. Hartley, B.B.C. Broadcast.*

"None of the remoteness of so many historical novels . . . I was enthralled." *Cynthia Asquith.*

$4.95 each

VANGUARD PRESS • NEW YORK

EUROPE WITH YOUR CHILDREN

It's more fun. And easy, too, if you know where to go, where to stay, and what to bring. Send for "Europe with Children" a delightful and informative book written by an American wife who toured the continent with her three children. Only $1.50. Write Wrigley Publishing, 15 Colonial Circle, Buffalo 22, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO BOOK

1992. THROUGH AFRICAN DOORS. By Janheinz John. The author's unusual experiences and adventures in West Africa where he insisted on living and traveling like an African to discover the authentic life of the awakening continent—recorded here with love and respect. Illus. *Orig. $4.50.* *Only* **99¢**

2066. INTERNATIONAL AUTO-PARADE 1963. Sports cars—stock, custom, racing, and experimental—from over seventy countries, with technical data and factory prices; over 400 illustrations, 300 in full color; a rundown on the international racing year, statistical analysis of all automobiles in the world, etc. 8¼" x 12". *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

1937. CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI. By Carola Giedion-Welcker. 157 plates (74 full-page, two in color) enhance this definitive study of the sculptor whose work was to give us an entirely new conception of the beauty of form. This dramatic and perceptive biography offers highly personal insights into his life as well as a complete appraisal of his work. 9¼" x 12". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **6.95**

P-218. RODIN: *NUDES.* A portfolio of eight magnificent nude studies individually silk-screened from the original black and white drawings. Ready for framing, each measures 17½" x 13¼". *All eight, special* **1.98**

1819. HEMINGWAY, A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY. By Leo Lania. This account of one of the most versatile and intriguing personalities of our time is amply illustrated with carefully selected photographs. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

P-281. PICASSO: *BACCHANAL WITH GOAT.* A handsome silk screen of this 1959 linoleum block, the joyous scene is impressively rendered in strong blue, green, black and white with warm, sand-colored figures. Heavy rag stock; 18" high x 21¾" wide. *Special* **2.98**

1936. Art in the 19th Century—THE EARTHLY PARADISE. By Werner Hofmann. A monumental study, this masterpiece of criticism depicts the nineteenth century artist as he was affected by the age of revolution, beset by conflicts and dissatisfied with tradition. Here is the artistic struggle to reconcile man and nature and shape art into a symbol of earthly joy. Sixteen full color, tipped-in plates and over 200 black and white illustrations offer a visually exciting picture of the variety and richness of this expression. Included are valuable notes, index and brief biographies of the artists. 436 pages, 9½" x 11½". *Orig. $25.00.* *Only* **9.95**

1953. THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF YOGA. By Harvey Day. A practical volume of postures and exercises within the capabilities of any individual, with a section on concentration and meditation to achieve a fuller, richer life. Illus. *Orig. $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

1993. THE MARQUIS DE SADE. By Gilbert Lely. A scholarly, readable account of Sade's stormy life, presented with objectivity, yet without justification or scorn, which does much to dispel the mists of legend and re-create a remarkable man. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

1665. DESPOTISM: A Pictorial History of Tyranny. By Dagobert D. Runes. Through a skillful union of words and pictures, this beautifully produced, purposefully angry book thrusts us into the darkest side of history—slave markets through the ages, tyrants of antiquity, the Alexanders and Caesars, Inquisitors and Crusaders, Sadism, Witch-burning, torture and wholesale massacres as well as our century's vast contributions—and the reminder that the common man is still being martyred in the name of progress. Index. 8½" x 11". *To be pub. at $12.50.* *Special pre-pub. price* **7.50**

1800. Romain Gary: PROMISE AT DAWN. The unanimously praised autobiography of the noted French author of *Roots of Heaven*, describing his eccentric mother's sacrifices and ambitions for her precocious son—as military hero, ambassador, author and ladies' man—and how he fulfilled his sacred promise at dawn. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **99¢**

1940. BYGONE PUNISHMENTS. By William Andrews. A study of hanging, burning, beheading, ducking, whipping, etc. with many illustrations; together with a supplement: *Strange and Curious Punishments in Colonial America*, by Henry M. Brooks. Softbound. *Orig. $2.98.* *Only* **99¢**

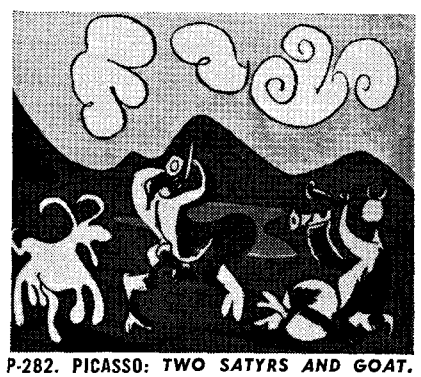
1889. GERICAULT—An Album of Drawings. Text and catalogue by Lorenz Eitner. Two hitherto unpublished sketchbooks, now in the Art Institute of Chicago, containing hundreds of drawings in pencil, wash and crayon by the early 19th century French master; an indispensable source for any study of Gericault and his major works, their development, style and compositional elaboration. 128 plates, each 11" x 8¾". *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **3.98**

P-220. MODIGLIANI: *EIGHT EXOTIC NUDES.* Silk-screened from the original black and white drawings onto a heavy, off-white paper, ready for framing, each measures 17½" x 13¼". *All eight, special* **1.98**

1759. Peter Freuchen's BOOK OF THE ESKIMOS. Large photos and endpaper maps. Crammed with colorful tales, anecdotes and interesting information about the fascinating life and customs of the Eskimos of Greenland, northern Canada and Alaska. Everything the great explorer considered worth knowing about the strange people of the Far North. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **3.49**

1783. THE FIGHTING GHETTOS. Transl. and ed. by Meyer Barkai. Firsthand accounts of Jewish resistance to the Germans within the ghetto walls, in the concentration camps, in the forests—including the fighting in Warsaw, Vilna, Cracow and Byelfpssia—from diaries, memoirs and other concealed documents. Appendices. 406 pages. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

1569. Sir Cedric Hardwicke: A VICTORIAN IN ORBIT. The irreverent memoirs of one of the world's most versatile actors; delightfully amusing, acid and candid reflections on his personal and professional life, his friends and associates. Photos. *Orig. $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**



P-282. PICASSO: *TWO SATYRS AND GOAT.* This lighthearted scene in blues, greens, tan, black and white has been superbly silk-screened from a linoleum block done in 1959. Heavy rag stock; 18" high x 21¾" wide. *Special* **2.98**

1395. SEVENTEEN, A Novel of Puberty. By Carl Soya. All the agony and delight of growing up, all the difficulties of psychological and sexual adjustment, told with candor, humor and deep poetic feeling, in one of the strongest and most honest novels on this subject. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

9897. THOMAS WOLFE. By Elizabeth Nowell. The definitive biography of the towering American novelist, a brilliant revelation of complex genius that throws an entirely new light on his turbulent life and intensely personal works, his violent rebellion, artistic apotheosis, meteoric rise to fame and early, tragic death. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

1959. Harry S. Truman: MR. CITIZEN. One of the most remarkable political and personal documents of our time, former President Truman's own account of his experiences since leaving the White House, with 32 pages of photos. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **99¢**

1820. THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. A color-illustrated edition of the famous traveler's memoirs of his fabulous journeys and exotic adventures in the Orient—as fresh and charming as when first written five centuries ago. *Special* **1.98**

P-264. PARTRIDGE PANEL. A glowing example of Russian folk art has been expertly silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper in deep, clear tones of blue-green, aquamarine, pale blue, yellow-greens and shades of yellow. A handsome decorator item that will enhance any room. 12" high x 39" wide. *Special* **2.98**

1958. DR. GOEBBELS: His Life and Death. By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Braenkel. The full story of the curious, repellent, dangerous yet fascinating man whose career is without parallel in history; the most interesting Nazi apart from Hitler himself. Illus. *Orig. $4.50.* *Only* **99¢**

1817. THE INCREDIBLE KRUPPS. By Norbert Muhlen. The rise, fall and comeback of Germany's industrial family, illuminating not only their unique business evolution since 1587, but also the eccentricities of family members—scandals, suicides, strange perversions, and other unhappiness inherited with their steel works. Photos. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1745. A Book of Choice Recipes: GREAT RESTAURANTS OF AMERICA. By Ted Patrick and Silas Spitzer. Drawings by Ronald Searle. A handsome volume to delight the gourmet—103 superb places to dine, the traditions of their cuisines and recipes for their notable dishes. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

1765. CHINESE HOUSES AND GARDENS. By Henry Inn. Ed. by Shao Chang Lee. Rev. Ed. with 260 illus. 147 beautifully reproduced photos and 113 line drawings of motifs together with informative text on Chinese culture and its influence on design. Many houses pictured no longer exist. *Orig. $10.00.* *New complete edition* **2.98**

1554. FOLK SONGS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES. Ed. by William Cole. With new arrangements for piano and guitar by Norman Monath, this handsome color-illustrated volume contains over a hundred songs of love, longing, beauty, war, etc, including *Greensleeves, Wearing of the Green, Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,* and *All Through the Night.* 8½" x 11¼". *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.49**

1524. WILLIAM BYRD OF VIRGINIA: The London Diary and Other Writings. Ed. by L. B. Wright and M. Tinling. This rakish, ribald and revealing diary has all the spice and historical fascination of Pepys and Boswell. While serving as a Colonial Agent in London from 1717 to 1721, Byrd dipped into all the fashionable vices of the aristocracy, and here records, with astonishing frankness and wit, the details of his daily rounds of taverns, gaming houses and brothels. 647 pages, unexpurgated. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **3.98**

8714. THE KAMA SUTRA OF VATSYAYANA. The classic Hindu treatise on love and social conduct, one of the most readable and enjoyable of the classics of antiquity, long forbidden in America, it is of great value to the student of the East and a delight to the sophisticated general reader. Softbound. *Special* **2.98**

R-153. Wagner: TANNHAUSER. Most melodic of Wagner's great operas. August Seider. Rita Streich, other soloists, chorus and orch. of Munich State Opera cond. by Robert Heger. Complete libretto. 4 record set. *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **7.92**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BARGAINS 99¢ and up

1805. Esquire's EUROPE IN STYLE. Ed. by Richard Joseph. The unusual, the out-of-the-way and the little-known in European travel—the scenes, sights and smells missed by most travelers—hotels, luxury bargains, food specialties—plus brilliant articles by John Gunther, Robert Ruark, Aldous Huxley, etc. Illus. *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **99¢**

1763. GEORGETOWN HOUSES OF THE FEDERAL PERIOD 1780-1830. By Davis, Dorsey and Hall. Over 80 excellent photos of homes and gardens in this unique square mile in Washington, D.C. Interior and exterior scenes.
Orig. $5.00. *New complete edition* **2.69**

1517. FLAMMARION FRENCH DICTIONARY. An indispensable reference work, containing 70,000 entries, definitions of words, place names, biographies, thousands of text illustrations, 26 color plates, an atlas, and a thirty-page section on French grammar. 1,458 pages.
Orig. $6.95. *Only* **2.98**

1757. THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE. By William Strunk, Jr. and E. B. White. The simplest and most convenient handbook on the basic requirements of plain English writing, concentrating on the rules of usage and principles most frequently violated. Hardbound. *Orig. $2.50.* *Only* **99¢**

P-222. THE SCHOOL OF PARIS. A portfolio of twelve superb, full-color prints, beautifully reproduced, representing the work of Rouault, Van Gogh, Cezanne, Corot, Degas, Coligero, Marquet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Utrillo, Modigliani, and Vlaminck. Each is on heavy paper, ready for framing, and measures 16" x 13". *All twelve, special* **1.98**

[illegible]. LOTS OF LIMERICKS. Ed. by Louis Unter- Light, lusty and lasting, these famous and [illegible]us rhymes by well-known poets authors and [illegible]ists are as refreshing and effervescent as a [illegible]ng day. *Orig. $2.75.* *Only* **99¢**

[illegible]501. The Autobiography of WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. The poet, man of letters, physician with a busy practice and friend of a colorful array of people looks back at the crowded years devoted to serving man and art in a book glowing with warmth, friendliness and sensitivity. *Orig. $3.75.* *Only* **99¢**

1754. THE FAMOUS HILLYER BOOKS. All by V. M. Hillyer. Revised by Edw. G. Huey. *A Child's History of the World, A Child's Geography of the World, A Child's History of Art.* A tremendous 1428 page set of highly informative and entertaining material for children 8-12. Hundreds of illustrations. Handsome red library binding.
Orig. $18.00. *3 vol. set only* **5.95**

2895. RENOIR: 48 Paintings in Color. A glowing volume, with vibrant richly colored reproductions; an introduction and notes by Colin Hayes; comments by and about Renoir; notes on Impressionism; notes on the plates, etc. 9" x 10¾". **1.98**

P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.*
A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet. *Special* **1.98**

[illegible]479. SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE. By [illegible] Licht. Thoroughly explains the sexual background of the philosophy and art of Ancient [illegible]e; deals with marriage customs, human figure, [illegible]ivals, Greek literature, sexual relationships, prostitution, homosexual love, etc. Beautifully bound. 556 pages; illus. **5.88**

R-154. Bach: ST. MATTHEW PASSION. The great choral work complete, in a brilliant, moving performance by outstanding artists. Fisher-Dieskau, Helmut Krebs, Berlin Boys Choir and Chorus and Orch. of Berlin Radio cond. by Fritz Lehmann. Libretto. 4 record set. *Orig. $19.92.* *Only* **7.92**

1751. ON MODERN PHYSICS. By Heisenberg, Born, Schrodinger and Auger. Four great physicists offer a comprehensive, nontechnical picture of the revolution in modern physics and its repercussions in all fields of thought. *Orig. $3.00.* *Only* **99¢**

1638. Simone de Beauvoir: THE PRIME OF LIFE. The intimate and brilliant account of her life with Sartre in the inner Parisian world of Litterateurs and artists, written with remarkable candor, by the author of *The Mandarins* and *The Second Sex.* *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

9817. THE GLORY OF GREECE. By Samivel. A book that evokes the world of Hellas from Minoan Crete and Agamemnon's Mycenae to the Golden Age of Pericles. Augmenting the 110 photogravure plates, plus five in full color, with quotations from classical Greek authors, as well as a superb text, here is a living portrait of our ancient heritage. 266 pages. 8" x 10¼". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

1516. PICASSO. By Keith Sutton. A magnificent volume of 48 full color reproductions of Picasso's most representative paintings, with an introduction, biographical notes and comments on the plates. 9½" x 11". *Special* **1.98**

8609. WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY: Comprehensive Reference Edition. Huge deluxe edition weighs over 7 pounds! Over 100,000 entries plus supplements in the Arts and Sciences; handbook for students, businessmen, office workers; synonyms; antonyms; math information; special color-illus. Space-Age section; Gazetteer; many full color photos, drawings and maps. Sumptuous gift binding. Thumb-indexed. Large easy-to-read type.
Orig. $14.95. *Only* **7.95**

8049. ATLAS OF MEN. By Wm. H. Sheldon. A guide to Somatyping, the problems of human physique—1175 photographs in the nude of 88 known types with age, height, weight standards, etc. A handbook for physicians, psychologists, physical educators, actuaries, nutritionists, human biologists.
Orig. $10.00. *New complete edition* **3.95**

2894. REMBRANDT. Intro. & notes by Trewin Copplestone. 48 magnificent paintings in full color, portraits, self-portraits, group portraits, religious and genre paintings from the total output of this greatest of masters. 9½" x 11". **1.98**

1727. WORD ORIGINS: The Romance of Language. By Cecil Hunt. From classical mythology to contemporary word-makers, this comprehensive, absorbing and instructive book covers the centuries; it will fascinate every book-lover and prove an indispensable reference for all who write.
Orig. $4.75. *Only* **1.98**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Transl. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's magnum opus, a *sine que non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of our time. Over 700 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2896. CEZANNE. By Basil Taylor. 48 magnificent color plates highlight this beautiful book, which also includes a long introduction, an outline biography, important quotes by the artist, comments on him by contemporaries and later critics, and full notes on the color plates. **1.98**

P-247. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *SLUMBER.*
This superb black and white charcoal drawing, with its soft grays, has been expertly silk-screened onto a sheet of heavy stock 26" high by 20" wide.
Special **1.98**

4749. MODERN SEX TECHNIQUES. By R. Street. A frank discussion of sexual practices, presenting detailed instructions for achieving mutual satisfaction and offering straightforward information on basic principles and techniques. Illus.
Orig. $3.95. *Only* **1.98**

1353. *A Pictorial Treasury*—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition of one of the great treasures of world literature, *exquisitely illustrated in full color* by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper, beautifully bound, 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

marboro Dept. S-979, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me postage prepaid, the bargains circled below. (Please add 25¢ postage and handling on all orders under $5.00.)

☐ Enclosed find $_____

☐ Send C.O.D.* } Limited to orders of $5.00 or more
☐ Charge my Diners' Club Account #_____
☐ Charge my American Express account#_____

1353 1395 1501 1516 1517 1524 1554 1557 1567 1569 1638 1665 1727 1745
1751 1754 1757 1759 1763 1765 1783 1800 1805 1817 1819 1820 1889 1932
1936 1937 1940 1953 1958 1959 1992 1993 2066 2894 2895 2896 4749 6293
8049 8479 8609 8714 9817 9897
R153 R154
P218 P220 P222 P247 P248 P264 P281 P282

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ **Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular**

New York City residents add 4% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
56 West 8th Street

IN HOUSTON, TEXAS • 5020 Westheimer at Post Oak
IN LOS ANGELES • 21616 Sherman Way, Canoga Park

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Were There, Lafayette

U.S. Signal Corps.

Men of the 77th Division at the edge of the Argonne just before attacking—The soldiers of 1941-45 didn't go about their dying with quite so much gaiety.

The Doughboys: The Story of the AEF, 1917-1918, *by Laurence Stallings (Harper & Row. 405 pp. $7.95), tells of the heroism and hilarity that characterized the two million men "over there" during the First World War. Mark S. Watson is military correspondent on the Baltimore Sun.*

By MARK S. WATSON

STILL indignant that no official history such as those of World War II was ever written about the nation's World War I soldiers, and that "no anthologist has brought back the full savor of their ignorance or their valor, of their ultimate skill," Laurence Stallings has produced his own robust chronicle of the "doughboys." He has "avoided as much as possible the traits of the professional historian"; if his technique disturbs the starchier of those scholars, it will give great pleasure to a less exacting reader, for here is a torrent of exciting events so vividly recounted after forty-five years that the 2,000,000 men of the American Expeditionary Forces — particularly the 646,000 infantrymen — fairly bristle with life.

Unmistakably the author, with a soldier's hot admiration for gallantry and fortitude, is that same old marine who was gravely wounded in Belleau Wood and who, with Maxwell Anderson, composed the unforgettable *What Price Glory.*

Not many can show better qualifications for chronicling 1917-18 than this ex-Georgian, a newspaper and magazine and movie-script writer and playwright, patently familiar with earlier narratives, memoirs, and critiques of World War I, and endowed with a rare skill for relating feats of derring-do. His heroes shine as do their deeds—not only a Sergeant York or a Captain Woodfill but a host of lesser-known warriors whose exploits are unrolled. Here is a telescoped account, sparkling with anecdote, of the many conflicts, from the newcomers' first muddy adventure in a "quiet sector" in the Vosges (the eager Yanks transformed it into a lively one, to the regret of neighboring war-weary veterans) to their mounting successes at Cantigny, Belleau Wood, and Château-Thierry and on to Saint-Mihiel and the Argonne, with pauses to chronicle activities of divisions lent to the British or French. An excellent chapter touches admiringly on the little-known exploits of heroes from the 369th ("Heavy Foot") and 371st Negro regiments, men who "laughed to keep themselves warm," Spartans like the terribly wounded private who assured the field surgeon: "Suh, you-all don't want to worry about me; I've been shot before."

A later and still more costly w surely produced just as much heroism, which changes little from century to century or continent to continent. But one does not recall that the soldiers of 1941-45 went about their dying with quite so much gaiety. Mr. Stallings tells of lads in a division that had lost its trucks and draft animals "hitching themselves to wagons in lattices like Eskimo dogs, barking and yapping, gunners serving as Army mules, kicking and heehawing"; of the boy who, encountering his first mustard gas, was reminded of the Coney Island mustard he used to put on his hot dogs; of the Christmas romping with astonished and delighted French children.

In the author's appraisal General Pershing, whom he calls "the Iron Commander," ranked very high in his many roles. Determined to build a purely American force and to avoid the mass slaughters of 1915-17, he stuck to his declared purpose.

> Many went forward cursing him, but they went forward, which was what he demanded. . . . He was possibly more savage to a West Pointer who failed him than to a Reserve officer, but he could draw blood from either without distinction. . . . When angry, which was not infrequently, he could shout oaths strong enough to turn a team of mules around. . . . But Pershing's concepts were vindicated. November 1918 saw everything come to pass that the American command had resolved to bring about.

There were other men, little known before 1917 but familiar names afterward—Harbord, Bullard, Liggett, Summerall, Ely, Dickman, as well as several young men who would shine in another war, such as Marshall, MacArthur, and Patton. Stallings finds these admirable. Others he considers less worthy, showing an abiding fury for the French Degoutte, who chose to sacrifice Americans uselessly, and giving the back of his hand on occasion to Foch. He is dismayed by President Wilson's coolness toward soldiers and the basic arts of war.

Here is a grand mingling of men and deeds and qualities that make history, as they do drama—the tragic and the comic, the drab and the picturesque, the frolicsome and the rough, a long and losing struggle suddenly turned to success and vice versa, tension suddenly relieved by lighthearted interruption with all action moving irresistibly toward the final curtain. Very far indeed from an official history, *The Doughboys* is a tale so moving that one can hardly lay it aside until it is finished.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chow-Boys and Indians

Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay: The Enlisted Soldier Fighting the Indian Wars, *by Don Rickey, Jr. (University of Oklahoma Press. 382 pp. $5.95), endeavors to show how the hard-tried trooper of the Western frontier differed from soldiers earlier and later. Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall, official U.S. historian of World War II in the European Theatre, is the author of "Pork Chop Hill."*

By S. L. A. MARSHALL

THAT lovely word "slumgullion" appears more than once in Don Rickey's prose, where references to the kind and quality of Army chow come up almost as regularly as mealtime.

But at the stage where the patient der shelves *Forty Miles a Day on ans and Hay,* whether having finished it or no, he feels entitled to wonder whether it is a book or a slumgullion of sedulously collected but carelessly organized statements about the American soldier in the time of the Indian wars, some accurate enough, others patently false or exaggerated, and still others simply vacuous.

Mr. Rickey set about to describe the soldier of the post-Civil War period, when the Sioux, Cheyennes, Modocs, *et al.,* plus the indifference of a society that downgraded his status as quickly as the Confederacy folded, made his life miserable. A foundation assisted the author's enterprise. During the 1950s, more than 300 Indian War veterans wrote memoranda for him on what they could recall of experiences then sixty-five years past. Though we know how the haze thickens with the years, these jottings became the substance of the book.

The study purports to reveal how the hard-tried trooper of the Western Frontier differed from soldiers earlier and later, how the army in which he served had a special character, and hy these things were possibly of spe- l significance in the winning of the West.

But there is one reason why the author can't bring it off. If he was ever a member of an army (the book jacket doesn't say), he came out of it as innocent as when he started, having learned little or nothing about military service. This is a gross handicap for a scholar doing a military book, and not strictly because there is no limit to his credulity. He is in the unfortunate position of the cub reporter or tyro columnist who, having just heard a riddle or an anecdote for the first time, assumes that it is new under the sun and he must therefore spread it. In short, he has no yardstick. Those things that are common to all armies, to troop nature, and to the average conditions of field service become indistinguishable from the truly novel and significant.

So with Mr. Rickey's writing: it is as Mark Twain said of his wife's cussing, that she knew the words but didn't understand the tune. Many of his vouched-for facts are just plain wrong. For example, he says that spread-eagling as an army punishment vanished in the 1890s. I know of its happening as late as 1915 in the 16th Infantry Regiment at Camp Cotton, Texas.

For blandness of platitudinal statement, especially at the opening of a paragraph, Mr. Rickey's style is nigh matchless. Consider:

"Surprise has always been an important element in warfare."

"The demoralizing element of surprise was increased when the troops had not been well trained."

"The rank and file knew as well as the officers that to panic and run invited disaster."

"Readiness to defend a position was the responsibility of the senior officer."

We are told that more times than not life was dull for a soldier on the old frontier. In that, at least, the book is an accurate reflection.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PURITANISM

Roundheads, their contemporaries called them, because the Puritans went in for close cropping, whereas the Cavaliers were the long-hairs of their time. Lysander Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, has selected assorted characterizations of various dates and asks you to assign the correct quotations to the correct authors. Answers on page 32.

1. Puritanism—the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy. ( ) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
2. Down to the Puritan marrow of my bones
   There's something in this richness that I hate. ( ) Robert Frost
3. To Danbury came I, O profane one!
   Where I saw a Puritane—one
   Hanging of his cat on Monday,
   For killing of a mouse on Sunday. ( ) H. L. Mencken
4. Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan hymn. ( ) Thomas Babington Macaulay
5. The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. ( ) Elinor Wylie
6. As for what they were up to more than fishing—
   Suppose they weren't behaving Puritanly,
   The hour had not yet struck for being good,
   Mankind had not yet gone on the Sabbatical. ( ) Richard Brathwaite

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Summer, a Wave of New Verse

By JUDSON JEROME, *chairman, Department of Literature, Antioch.*

WE CANNOT, we may be thankful, blame poets for book jackets that promise a Bethlehem under every twinkle, taking advantage of the good nature of assorted poets and critics of the Establishment (Allen Tate seems to be replacing William Carlos Williams as the favorite in this role) to attempt to browbeat readers into appreciation. Since poetry isn't going to sell anyway, I think we could do without the hucksterism.

The worst example of this practice in the present batch is Hy Sobiloff's *Breathing of First Things* (Dial, $4.95), which comes heralded by Allen Tate, Conrad Aiken, Oscar Williams, and James Wright on the cover, plus a fatuous introduction by Wright inside. This is the fourth volume by Sobiloff, a poet who seems to me silly:

> Once I chewed gum to get my mind
> off my feet
> Yet I could not get them together
> I envy Jane
> I like to jump rope too

when he isn't incoherent, as in these lines from "Wisdom":

> I warmed the hedge and alarmed
> myself
> With the hedge
> The clover I see—the pine tree
> And now worse than Wordsworth's
> Intimations
> Or whoever was in the poet's blind
> sight
> Like Keats searching
> Or Father Hopkins
> I would say as Shakespeare said
> To thine own self be true

As I had read that poem and could think of no reason for printing it in a book, I was much interested in Mr. Wright's comments on the passage. They go on for eight long pages, but never elucidate what Mr. Sobiloff's warming a hedge, to his alarm, has to do with the egocentric wisdom of Polonius, or how Wordsworth's *Ode* is not so bad as what Sobiloff would now say. Instead, we are assured that Sobiloff has studied his English verse, though he doesn't let on, and, like Whitman, he is in search of "the child within the self." He may have found the child, but he has not found the cadence of the shaggy master, the verve and explosion of his rhetoric, the vividness of his imagery, and the scope of his vision. I would like very much to know what Sobiloff's roster of eminent admirers find in his work that I miss—but, in fact, the commentary interferes with a sympathetic reading. Meanwhile I am reminded that *prestige* comes from a Latin word for juggler's tricks.

I get a much clearer sense of what I think James Wright thinks he sees in Sobiloff when I read Wright's own third volume, *The Branch Will Not Break* (Wesleyan University Press, paperback, $1.45). His earlier work was fairly standard, sometimes quite effective, stanzaic, rhymed, metrical poetry. He has now taken a Zen-like turn (though I don't know that the source is Oriental) toward flat, phrase-determined lines and bold irrelevance suggestive of the uncanny wisdom of a barefoot prophet. The title for the volume comes from this poem, the second of "Two Hangovers," entitled "I Try to Waken and Greet the World Once Again":

> In a pine tree,
> A few yards away from my window
> sill,
> A brilliant blue jay is springing up
> and down, up and down,
> On a branch.
> I laugh, as I see him abandon himself
> To entire delight, for he knows as
> well as I do
> That the branch will not break.

While I doubt that jay was actually bouncing away as on a trampoline, celebrating the branch's elastic dependability, or that he was delighted, let alone abandoned, I've had hangovers myself in which I was glad to recover confidence in the swaying world.

When Wright gets up on a cliff and tells us that "America is over and done with," or makes any statement implying discursive reasoning, we realize how inadequate neo-imagism is as poetic preparation. We find him trying to work up a tear at Harding's grave:

> America goes on, goes on
> Laughing, and Harding was a fool.
> Even his big pretentious stone
> Lays him bare to ridicule.
> I know it. But don't look at me.
> By God, I didn't start this mess.
> Whatever moon and rain may be,
> The hearts of men are merciless.

I am saddened, but not for Harding. Those expert, flexible quatrains, the easy modulation of rhyme and diction, the purity and force of the last two lines, all show us the talent behind the poem—talent in pursuit of false lights. Who blames what on him? And of man's failures of mercy, our treatment of Harding seems a weak example at best.

I will stop reviewing book jackets, but I must record the hostility aroused by that on Robert Pack's *Guarded by Women* (Random House, $3.50), laden as it is with prepublication praise by Eberhart, Nemerov, Ciardi, and others, and a half-page photograph of a handsome young mesomorph in the woods, sleeves rolled on biceps; I feel whipped by authority and fondled by movie-magazine cheesecake all at once.

But Pack is good. The second poem takes hold and my engagement rarely lapses until the end. At times, as in "The Gesture," he becomes diffuse, overly descriptive, adjectival; but he does not overwork this vein. I wake up when he becomes tougher, knuckly with sound and meaning:

> Flesh is but good, he thought, for
> hiding in.
> A truer nakedness he burned to see.
> He took his knife and peeled away
> his skin,
> And hung it on the chill pine tree.

That *ersatz* ballad awkwardness chills properly. It is Adam he refers to, who keeps recurring through the book (guarded by women). Outside Eden nature seems to be idiotically self-reflecting, a mortal chain with isolate links desperately clinging to life for lack of anything better.

Images of horror—almost Websterian blood and bones and "the fixed/ White smile of the drowned"—keep recurring. We learn to kill early, and keep on killing. Our love is crosshatched with betrayal, withdrawal, and deliberate isolation. Some vicious poems of what appear to be personal vindictiveness explore the whimpering dark of hatred. At times "sorrow shudders merely into art," but usually the vision is convincing—of life as a chain-reaction of murder in which the poet is helplessly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

involved. And yet he affirms his mortal moment:

> . . . burly in the blood
> Of my own speed, my own strength, now smack
> In the sun, barbarously bright, sight
> For closed eyes, and up out again to seek,
> To take, to make what I will, skill of delight
> I am not author of; above, no missing God
> I miss; high satisfying sky though, . . .

We hang on, though we can think of no good reason why.

That intricate pattern of internal rhymes in the last quotation is not typical, but seems to me an indication of Pack's technical strength. Such discipline can save him from the mere language, the merely observant and confessional and psychoanalytical, the gaudy melodrama and limp intellectuality that seem at times to threaten with manner his true wisdom and art. With this volume he seems to be not only one of the most noticed but most noteworthy of the younger poets.

Another third book, Adrienne Rich's *Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law* (Harper & Row, $3.50) makes it evident that she is more than the able and delicate poetess some of her neat rhyms have implied. She has a hard vision and restlessness in the confines of her forms which save her from the monotony sometimes resulting from rather neutral language and standard versification. She hasn't the elegance of, say, Richard Wilbur in managing her stanzas and rhymes, nor the vitality and surprise of May Swenson. But she is more relentless than either in working at ragged human feelings, in catching the quality of our senseless isolation as we ride the random tide of history.

May Swenson's third book, *To Mix with Time* (Scribners, $3.50), is delicious reading, like expert advertising copy for life, except that nothing about it is venal: the delight is real, the wonder contagious. This book is half new work, the second half consisting of generous selections from her two earlier collections, *A Cage of Spines* and *Another Animal*—making this an excellent place to start if her work is new to you. The first section of the new work contains several "philosophical" poems—not her strong suit. She asks, as all sensitive people do, discovering the mystery of "The Universe":

> Must it have laws? And what
> if the universe
> is *not about*
> us? Then what?
> What
> is it about
> and what about
> *us?*

That toying with spacing, attempting to lift language into poetry by cute arrangement, is sophomoric, as is the unsophisticated questioning. (How many adolescent poems end "Why? Why? Why?") But there is something cocky and charming about the way she does it, and one step further converts mere charm into magic:

> Death is a cloud,
> immense, in a clap of sound.
> Love is little and not loud.

So far I have discussed these books in what I regard as ascending order. The wave reaches its crest with Howard Nemerov, who in his sixth book of poetry, *The Next Room of the Dream* (University of Chicago Press, hardbound $5, paperback $2.45), is so far superior to the others as to make that wave discontinuous, though I hope the book is not a crest for Nemerov himself: a poet who can do this can go on to greater things.

There are three groups of poems in the collection and two one-act plays on Biblical themes. Although rather abstract, the plays are adroit, effective drama in hard, clear pentameter whose steady wit and modern relevance never violate the Biblical integrity of the stories of Saul and the Witch of Endor and of the perverse heroism of Cain. It is not easy to generalize about the poems, which range with easy mastery over a variety of themes and techniques. Some, such as "To the Mannequins," are hardly more than grisly jokes. Others, such as "Goldfish," are merely consummate—by which oxymoron I mean to say they deal perfectly with a minor subject, selected as the object for a still life:

> . . . Like light in gin,
> Viscous as ice first forming on a stream,
> Their refined feathers fan them on to no
> Remarkable purpose; they close their eyes
> As, mouths reopening in new surprise
> About their long imprisonment in O,
> They cruise the ocean of an alien dream.

And that, for all time, takes care of goldfish. No—it is not that good, for the final phrase pretends a significance that even this poem cannot bring to the little beasts, and, in fact, the "surprise" contradicts (and not meaningfully) the languidness attributed to them earlier, much more convincingly: "their mandarin/ Manner of life, weary and cynical." I don't mean to pick on this luminous little poem, except to say Nemerov is good enough to arouse such scrupling.

I take "Lion & Honeycomb" to define, at least for the present, his aims in poetry, an impressive application of Samson's riddle. "He didn't want to do it with skill," the poem begins—a renunciation that means something when it comes from Nemerov, as it does not when it comes from such fingerpainters as usually scorn skill. He also modestly renounces (or denies) inspiration: "he had/Nobody else to ask." He is "fiddling with the sound of things" while

> . . . The others went right on
> Talking about form, talking about myth
> And the (so help us) need for a modern idiom;
> The verseballs among them kept counting syllables.

He searches for "words that would/

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enter the silence and be there as a light."

Just for the sake of getting something right
Once in a while, something that could stand
On its own flat feet to keep out windy time
And the worm, something that might simply be,
Not as the monument in the smoky rain
Grimly endures, but that would be
Only a moment's inviolable presence,
The moment before disaster, before the storm,
In its peculiar silence, an integer
Fixed in the middle of the fall of things,
Perfected and casual as to a child's eye
Soap bubbles are, and skipping stones.

Of the first collections that came out this quarter, that with greatest promise seemed to me to be Charles Philbrick's *New England Suite* (Clarke & Way, hardbound $4.50, paperback $1.75). The long title poem uncoils an irregular anapestic hexameter that bunches and twists with the welcome abundance and lucidity of a freshet in that granite country:

. . . I am nothing alone without gift of this ground
To grow in and give in the double-bed dark to my boys in the sacrament
Love before driving the seed of my being, long warm with a wife
And all green with a poem, under the quilt of this eldering earth.

There may be just too many words for some readers, but I find myself swept along, relishing his characteristic anapests. I like the humanity, the man behind the poems. There are a fine, long, explicit autobiography and a number of tender but unsentimental poems relating to his family, including "No Daughter of Mine" (first published in *SR*), which might respectably be compared to the epitaphs of Ben Jonson,

The littlest person I have ever loved
And the briefest, so maybe the best I have loved
Has long lain scattered of liver and lights and fine eyes
. . . That body wrongly light
Is now many years of me gone to some earth,
With no stone, as we wished it, and nothing for name.

Unfathered by nothing: no daughter of mine.

Another interesting first volume is Leonard E. Nathan's *Glad and Sorry Seasons* (Random House, $3.50). Nathan is a formally tight, mordant poet who gets through to me only about half the time, but when he does he seems very strong indeed. Perhaps the most likely candidate for anthologies in this collection is "A Reading of History," which summarizes the past with brutal simplicity. The bad guys turned out the good guys and were in turn turned out by the worse guys ("Oh then how good the bad guys seemed to be!"), who were turned out of the city by "shaggy brutes." The rumor at the end of the poem is that "powers of darkness hovered off the coast,"

The future plainly belongs to evil;
To good, the past; and for the present —well,
Good guys and bad guys mingle in the market;
Business was never better. Time will tell.

Operating on that level of generality he mints poems that are final and frightening. "Advancement," for example, describes the taming of t[illegible] "crowned green" satyr from the da[illegible] woods, who, though "sacked in windy gray," "nameless and responsible," still bears about him the sinister threat of his natural self. Images of horror—an abandoned tent flapping on Mt. Everest, a mutilated body in an emergency ward, a wino kicking "coupling mongrels"—tell of the sorry seasons. The glad ones are harder to find. At times a baroque opacity makes the going harder, knotting the classic lines.

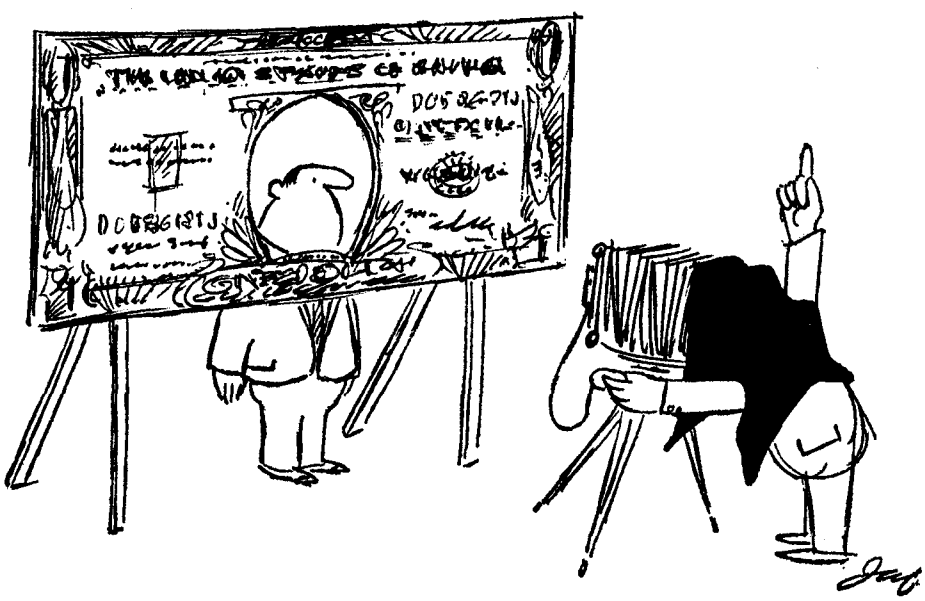
Though I came to Paul Goodman's first collection of poems, *The Lordly Hudson* (Macmillan, hardbound $5.50, paperback $1.95), full of respect and expectation, having just finished *The Community of Scholars*, I laughed aloud at the poem spread boldly across the cover:

"Driver, what stream is it?" I asked, well knowing
it was our lordly Hudson hardly flowing,
"It is our lordly Hudson hardly flowing,"
he said, "under the green-grown cliffs."

It goes on like that for four stanza[illegible] ending "Be quiet, heart! Hom[illegible] Home!" Surely he couldn't mean this seriously, I thought; but after reading the book I am less certain. Goodman is, of course, a multiple-threat scholar and artist in architecture, city planning, politics, esthetics; a novelist, educator, and poet—all-round Peck's Bad Boy. He says:

Long ago I sold my reputation
for a song, I never did regret it
because my song keeps singing on:
"If I can think it," I decided, "I
can write it down, and if I write it down
I'll publish it!"

It is no doubt his virtue as well as his trouble that he does just that. If he is indeed the genius some, including himself, assess him to be, this book may be valuable as doodling for what it reveals about the processes of his mind, though there is precious little crystal truth scattered in the ore of awkwardness, wordiness, and pointless toying. He says he has tried less for "individual beautiful poems" than to embody an attitude—and an attitude certainly emerges: of indiscriminate sexuality, of admiration for power and shock, plain[illegible] ness and simple pleasures, and of an ego throbbing like swollen flesh.



LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 6, **1**, 5, 2, 3.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another Muse for the Master

Complete Poems and Selected Letters of Michelangelo, *translated by Creighton Gilbert (Random House. 317 pp. $5.95), and* ***Michelangelo: His Life, His Times, His Era,*** *by Georg Brandes, translated by Heinz Norden (Ungar. 428 pp. $8.50), swell the number of books heralding the four hundredth anniversary of the artist's death next February. Robert J. Clements's "Michelangelo: A Self-Portrait" will be published in the fall.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

COMPARING the writing of poetry to the masked tomfoolery committed at carnival time, Michelangelo denied that he was ever a poet. His contemporaries knew better. They set his poems to music, explicated them before academies, and even prepared to publish a corpus of them during his lifetime. Starting with the posthumous edition of 1623, twenty-seven editions of the *Rime* have appeared in Italian, establishing Michelangelo as the chief *Cinquecento* poet. It was a density of thought and feeling, rather than any technical excellence, that won him this rank.

These 343 poems and fragments made their way very late to England, where Christopher Hervey first translated one of them in 1760-61. After Ugo Foscolo had tried in 1826 to interest his English hosts in this poetry, Walter Pater picked up the task in his memorable little book *The Renaissance* (1873), whose purplish prose sent the *Mona Lisa* into orbit. However, it was not Pater, but such sensitive translators as Wordsworth, Southey, Longfellow, and Emerson who prepared the way for Michelangelo's literary reception in Transcendentalist New England and Victorian England. And it is in America that the first two more or less complete English renditions of the poems have been published. Of these, the new translation by Creighton Gilbert supersedes that published in 1960 by Joseph Tusiana on several grounds: completeness, faithfulness to the originals, and chronological presentation.

Translating the rough, compressed poems of Michelangelo presents a greater challenge than is offered by most poetry. So hard to grasp are some that Italian editors have frequently supplied paraphrases of the poems in footnotes or an appendix. Eccentric syntax and spelling, questionable rhymes and meters are among the pitfalls. Since "faithful rhyme and faithful meaning are impossible to combine in one translation," Gilbert resorts to assonance (his loose definition of which matches "agony" with "ugly," "flame" with "decline," etc.). As a consequence his carefully metered versions are closer to the original texts than are rhymed translations. If an occasional poem Englished by Longfellow, Wordsworth, or Santayana is still unequaled, Gilbert's remains the best aggregate of Michelangelo's poetry in English.

Some inaccuracies have naturally crept in, of which we need mention only a few. Gilbert repeats Norton's mistranslation of "spring" for "winter." Michelangelo's tired, "dark-ringed" eyes become "pale blue," even though we are informed on another page that the artist's eyes were "yellow-brown." When Michelangelo writes in bad Latin *"sine peccata"* to a classicist friend, he apologizes for not "talking Latin" rather than for not "talking properly" (*grammatica*). A misreading of a different order leads the editor to tell us naïvely that Michelangelo once threw himself at the feet of Pope Julius II "with a noose around his neck in token of submission." The editors have taken an outburst of the artist in January 1524 much too literally.

Several points of method must be criticized. Gilbert uses his own numbering of the poems and does not supply the Italian incipit lines, so that the average reader will have a hard time identifying the Italian originals. His definition of poetry being apparently more rigid than his definition of assonance, Gilbert omits one of the most unusual prose-poems of the *canzoniere*, the lament for Duke Giuliano de' Medici by the two statues of Day and Night. The familiar facts of Michelangelo's life are furnished doubly, in a biographical introduction and a table of events and dates; such space might better have been given to fuller notes about the poems. Indeed, many important facts about individual poems are not supplied in the few pages of notes: that Sonnet 25 is a borrowing from Politian, that Madrigal 170 is considered to be an allegory on art, that Sonnet 296 coincides with a sonnet to the Redeemer by his friend Vittoria Colonna, and so on.

—*Culver.*

Detail from Michelangelo's Sistine ceiling.

On the other hand, a bonus of this volume is the accurate translation of 116 of Michelangelo's 495 letters. The judicious selection emphasizes those illuminating his life as a craftsman.

A large proportion of Michelangelo's poetry was addressed to men, prompting Gilbert to make it clear that he disagrees with those scholars who recognize Michelangelo as a homosexual. He takes seriously Michelangelo's disclaimers against slurs by Aretino and others, and believes that Michelangelo turned to Platonic love of men as "an agonized defense against the temptations of women." Unhappily reminding one of Michelangelo's censorious grandnephew, Gilbert dismisses the scholars who take seriously the evidences of Michelangelo's homosexuality as "the sort of people who are mainly interested in Van Gogh because he cut off his ear." This is nonsense, of course. Nor is the matter irrelevant, for the interrelations of Michelangelo's sexuality and his art are obvious. Gilbert quotes as evidence of Michelangelo's heterosexuality his Sonnet 4, which was an early exercise in sonnetry plagiarized from Politian, and scarcely a paean to an actual woman.

This view of the artist's sexuality is bound to affect editing, just as it led Irving Stone to bowdlerize Charles Speroni's excellent translations of Michelangelo's letters. It prompts Gilbert to omit the two significant letters to Riccio (1542) revealing Michelangelo's infatuation for the adolescent Cecchino Bracci. It leads to a mistranslation of a verse in which Cecchino reminisces on his "lovers"; Gilbert

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

launders this into "loves." After one has read two revealing poems to young Febo di Poggio (not annotated), he has a right to a less cryptic explanation of a love letter addressed to this *mignon* than the statement that "who Febo di Poggio was is not known."

A less important literary event is the first English version of *Michelangelo: His Life, His Times, His Era*, by that amiable Danish scholar Georg Brandes, first published in 1921. Whether writing on Voltaire, Disraeli, Goethe, or Michelangelo, Brandes always leaned heavily on setting his hero in his times. The first quarter of the book recreates Renaissance Florence and Rome, before Michelangelo emerges fully into view: "Even the peerless does not stand alone. To comprehend him requires a grasp of 10,000 premises."

The task of correcting and emending this biography to bring it into consonance with recent scholarship was placed in the competent hands of Ludwig Goldscheider. The translator, Hans Norden, worked from the popular German version. The book is pure Brandes, sweeping, surefooted, imaginative, and anecdotal—without, however, venturing into the dubious field of the historical novel. Brandes never made (nor claimed to make) the slightest contribution to Michelangelo scholarship, but his appreciations of the man, his time, and his works make this veteran biographer once again worthy of Buonarroti's comment on Sebastiano del Piombo: "You will become famous for resurrecting the dead."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1039

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1039 will be found in the next issue.

PQE ALC TQFAB LCPHKGCX EOQC DQAGBHP GC HKB YLP QT BCHBFHLGCNBCH BVA-BOH HKB AQCDGDHBCH OEF-DEGH QT L HQOGA.

XQBHKB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1038

Necessity is the constant scourge of the lower classes, ennui of the higher ones.

—SCHOPENHAUER.

SR's Check List of Current Books

Anthologies

ANTHOLOGY OF GERMAN EXPRESSIONIST DRAMA: A Prelude to the Absurd. Edited by Walter H. Sokel. Anchor. Paperback, $1.45.

THE ENGLISH IN ENGLAND: Short Stories by Rudyard Kipling. Edited by Randall Jarrell. Anchor. Paperback, $1.25.

ENGLISH RENAISSANCE POETRY: A Collection of Shorter Poems from Skelton to Jonson. Edited by John Williams. Anchor. Paperback, $1.45.

IN THE VERNACULAR: The English in India. By Rudyard Kipling. Edited by Randall Jarrell. Anchor. Paperback, $1.25.

MARGARET FULLER: American Romantic; A Selection from Her Writings and Correspondence. Edited by Perry Miller. Anchor. Paperback, $1.45.

THE MISSION OF ISRAEL. Edited by Jacob Baal-Teshuva. Robert Speller. $5.95.

STORYTELLERS AND THEIR ART. Edited by Georgianne Trask and Charles Burkhart. Anchor. Paperback, $1.45.

TREASURE OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS: Tales and Traditions of the Spanish Southwest. By Arthur L. Campa. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.

Art, Architecture

THE ART OF THE WEST. Vol. II: Gothic Art. By Henri Focillon. Phaidon. $7.95.

EARLY BYZANTINE CHURCHES. By Ralph F. Hoddinott. St. Martin's. $49.

Business, Economics

ADMINISTRATION OF WAGES AND SALARIES. By Elizabeth Lanham. Harper & Row. $9.75.

THE U.S. ECONOMY IN THE 1950s: An Economic History. By Harold Vatter. Norton. $5.

Classics

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated by Ennis Rees. Random House. $5.

Current Affairs

THE PEACE CORPS. Revised edition. By Charles E. Wingenbach. John Day. $3.95.

THE PEACEFUL ATOM IN FOREIGN POLICY. By Arnold Kramish. Harper & Row-Council on Foreign Relations. $5.50.

PEACE-KEEPING BY U.N. FORCES: From Suez to Congo. By Arthur Lee Burns and Nina Heathcote. Praeger. $6.

THE STATE OF THE NATION: Retrospect and Prospect. Edited by Charles Lee. Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. $4.50.

STEEL AND THE PRESIDENCY, 1962. By Grant McConnell. Norton. $4.

Fiction

THE BEADLE. By Pauline Smith. Vanguard. $4.50.

THE DANGEROUS DAYS OF KIOWA JONES. By Clifton Adams. Doubleday. $2.95.

JOHN GOLDFARB, PLEASE COME HOME! By William Peter Blatty. Doubleday. $3.50.

MIGRATION OF SKIVINS. By John Francis Wilson. St. Martin's. $6.95.

History

THE ADAMS PAPERS, Series II: Adams Family Correspondence. Two volumes. Edited by L. H. Butterfield. Harvard Univ. Press. Set, $17.50.

ALCATRAZ: 1868-1963. By John Godwin. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE CONFEDERATE CONSTITUTION. By Charles Robert Lee, Jr. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $6.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA: 1814-1815. By Charles Webster. Barnes & Noble. $5.

GETTYSBURG: The Long Encampment. By Jack McLaughlin. Appleton-Century. $6.95.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES: From Washington to Kennedy. By Maxim E. Armbruster. Horizon. $5.95.

Miscellany

ORANG-UTAN. By Barbara Harrisson. Doubleday. $4.50.

VANCOUVER. By Kuthan and Stainsby. St. Martin's. $7.50.

Mysteries

THE LATE CLARA BEAME. By Taylor Caldwell. Doubleday. $3.50.

A NEW LEASE ON LIFE. By Georges Simenon. Translated by Joanna Richardson. Doubleday. $3.50.

NO DUST IN THE ATTIC. By Anthony Gilbert. Random House. $3.50.

Personal History

JOHN CLAYTON: Pioneer of American Botany. By Edmund Berkeley and Dorothy Smith Berkeley. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $6.

SPECTACULAR ROGUE: Gaston B. Means. By Edwin P. Hoyt. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

UP FROM SLAVERY: An Autiobiography. New edition. By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday. $4.50.

Religion

THE GLORIES OF MARY, Part II. St. Alphonsus Liguori. Helicon. $3.95.

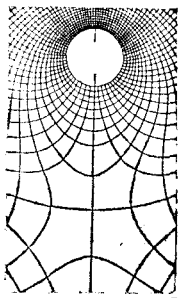
Sociology

CENSORSHIP: Government and Obscenity. By Rev. T. J. Murphy Helicon. $5.50.

THE QUIET BATTLE: Writings on the Theory and Practice of Non-Violent Resistance. Edited by Mulford Q. Sibley. Anchor. Paperback, $1.45.

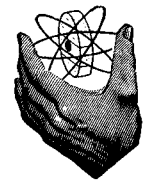
—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXXVII • The Research Frontier • Science in Books • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Eclipse

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

IS MAGNETISM THE KEY TO LIFE'S ORIGIN ON EARTH?

CAN man, without invoking supernatural intervention, explain his own presence on earth in simple and direct relation to the existence of earth itself as a planet of the yellow star he calls the sun?

A Canadian geophysicist, Professor Robert J. Uffen, of the University of Western Ontario, not only thinks so but has put together a theory to tell the story. If future scientific discoveries support his hypotheses, Professor Uffen will rank in history alongside such original thinkers as John Kepler and Charles Darwin. Here are the principal points in his argument:

Planet earth came into being through condensation of gases and dust left over after the sun took shape from a cloud of the same starstuff. The gravitational force generated by the whirling of the new-formed globe pulled the dust and gas together into a solid mass, which the increasing pressure—abetted by radioactivity—heated until the elements within melted. The melting freed the elements to move and readjust themselves according to their respective weights. Acting in response to gravity, iron dropped into the core of the globe from all directions on the spherical periphery.

Now one of the unusual characteristics of iron is the ease with which it acquires magnetic properties. And one of the greatest remaining mysteries of nature is the interplay between magnetism and electricity. Magnetism gives rise to electric current and electricity produces magnetic force. The phenomena may be said to provoke each other when their paths cross. For example, radio and radar waves are magnetic pulsations moving out perpendicularly on all sides from an electric current passing through a wire. On the other hand, electricity springs up in coiled wires when they are spun on an axis perpendicular to the force lines of a magnet.

Throughout the time that the earth was forming, a powerful electrical wind blew out from the sun even as it blows today. Crossing the earth from Venus on its way toward Mars and the planets beyond, this solar wind reacted with earth's iron core (which, meanwhile, was growing by accumulation as the planetary melting proceeded outward toward the crust and permitted more iron to migrate downward) and created a primary field of magnetism.

The thickening core of earth grew hotter and hotter. The heat rose steadily toward the crust of the planet. The seething metals churned upward with the heat and then fell as they cooled, forming convection cells analogous to thunderclouds in the sky on hot summer days. The circular and elliptical paths that these cells followed had to cross the primary magnetic field previously created by the solar wind blowing over the earth's iron core. And this movement generated electric ring currents within the core perpendicular to the planet's axis. The rings of electricity in turn generated outward from themselves (like the radio waves from an antenna) the great doughnut-shaped lines of magnetic force which now shield the earth from the most violent blasts of the solar wind.

Today some of the sun's electricity is deflected by the magnetic doughnut, some is captured for periods of time in what are presently called the Van Allen radiation belts, and some sneaks down to earth through the doughnut holes at the planet's poles to light the night sky with aurorae. But what must earth have been like before the magnetosphere was created to ward off the worst of the solar hurricane?

Professor Uffen supposes that life of any kind would have been quite impossible in those days. He thinks that after the protoplanet began to form, perhaps 4,500 million years ago, some 2,000 million years of melting and convecting and differentiating of elements would have passed before the earliest possibility of primitive life—nothing bigger than a molecule—arose. Then, while the core of the earth was still fluid and growing outward, and while the mantle above the core was probably altogether molten, small thermal convection cells would have been bubbling around everywhere, creating a welter of weak magnetic fields that formed and collapsed and then reformed and collapsed again, too chaotic to provide consistent shelter from the sun's stormy outpouring. Nevertheless, conditions of that ancient past would have been such as to allow the formation of a crust on the earth, the gathering of waters onto the crust, and the condensation above the crust of a thick and murky atmosphere which breathing creatures could not survive because no free oxygen was in it.

The living process which ultimately produced the human animal definitely became possible, in Professor Uffen's opinion, about 1,500 million years ago. At that time, he believes, the innermost core of the earth had solidified, there was a fluid core around it, the mantle above was cooling, and continents probably were drifting about on the gradually hardening crust. The convection cells in the outer core and the mantle then were large enough to generate powerful magnetic fields around the planet.

These magnetic fields were dependent, however, on the continuous motion of the convection cells. The convection depended on the heat that was rising from the earth's core. The flow of the heat was unsteady; sometimes it would subside, and the convection

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would momentarily cease. The magnetic fields would either collapse or reverse themselves. Such reversals would leave a record of polarization in the rocks, and that record not only exists but has caused more arguments among geologists than almost any other puzzle of earth's crust.

During the next 1,000 million years —from 1,500 million to 500 million years ago—Professor Uffen hypothesizes that life passed through its earliest phases. The magnetic field of the earth became stronger and stronger, holding off those solar radiations that were violent enough to destroy life. The field reversed itself many times, however, in response to the periodic pulsings of heat from the earth's core. During these reversals, the Van Allen radiation belts spilled their cargo of radiation and sped up mutation of the primitive life forms then existing.

Aside from being the first unified theory of biocosmology, Professor Uffen's postulations fill a hole that has gaped embarrassingly at science ever since Darwin formulated the theory of evolution a century ago. Before Professor Uffen set down his ideas in the British journal, *Nature*, several weeks ago, no one had been able to suggest a reasonable mechanism to account for the infinite multitude of evolutionary variations that preceded man's emergence. Sudden bursts of solar radiation would have been as effective for this purpose as X-rays have been in the famous heredity studies of fruit flies.

The length of the evolutionary chain is vastly underestimated by many Americans because of the emphasis that has been thrown on fundamentalist religion's objection to any relationship between men and apes. Until recently, the accepted scientific teaching was that man's development has occurred entirely within the last 500,000 years. Recently archeologist L. S. B. Leakey has found, in Africa, the bones of a manlike toolmaker which radioisotope daters say lived in Tanganyika 1,750,000 years ago. But even that doubled span of time would have been a mere moment by the clock Professor Uffen uses. It is generally agreed, among those students of geophysics and biophysics who speak enough of the same language to understand each other, that whatever total age is assigned to life on earth, at least half of that age was spent in the creation of a single cell.

Professor Uffen will elucidate his theory in detail at the 1963 meeting of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics at San Francisco in August. But it is already evident, from the summary he published in *Nature*, that his ideas jibe with those of the famous Russian, A. I. Oparin, who in 1923 proposed that earthly life arose in the neighborhood of 2,000 million years ago from a primeval soup of molecules made up of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. Oparin said an electrical something—cosmic rays, sunlight, lightning—touched and transformed these molecules. At first, the molecules were just there in the water, part of the environment. Then some of the molecules formed a membrane and so separated themselves from the environment. In time, the membranes became sacs, the sacs became cells, and the cells congregated into complexes which cannabalized unorganized molecules in the water about them.

Beginning very slowly, the life process picked up speed as the available soup thinned. In order to survive, the primitive organisms had to acquire more efficient energy transmission systems, or what are now commonly called metabolisms. And they also had to pass the improvements on to succeeding generations of organisms. It is reasonable to suppose that the first copies were riddled with imperfections. But by some still mysterious method of communication with the environment, the copying became progressively more exact until the patterns with greatest chance of survival emerged. These patterns, it must be noted, were never perfect re-

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXVII

THEORIST IN HARDROCK

Robert J. Uffen

LAC Uffen is a "wee little one" amongst the many small bodies of water that can't be found on most maps of Quebec Province north of the St. Lawrence River's mouth. Four miles long, Lac Uffen is, and a half mile wide. Professor Robert James Uffen, principal of the University College of Arts and Science of the University of Western Ontario, explains: "That's approximately my shape, which is why they named it after me."

According to the Professor, the lake had to be named after somebody in order to bound a prospecting claim to one of the richest deposits of titanium on earth. And the only somebody in the prospecting crew who might reasonably be mirrored in the lake was Uffen, then a 24-year-old World War II artillery veteran working his way through college. Three other student explorers who shared with him the thrill of coming upon a 150-foot-high cliff of solid ilmanite (titanium ore) from different directions on the same day were not of dimensions appropriate to share the godfathering of Lac Uffen.

This exaggeration is characteristic of Professor Uffen's quiet amusements. For in truth he is long and lean. But the handsome strength of his face is altogether masculine. There is nothing wishy-washy, or even mildly watery, about him. Nevertheless (and this, to [illegible] is typical of the man) his account [illegible] the naming of Lac Uffen is accurate at every important point.

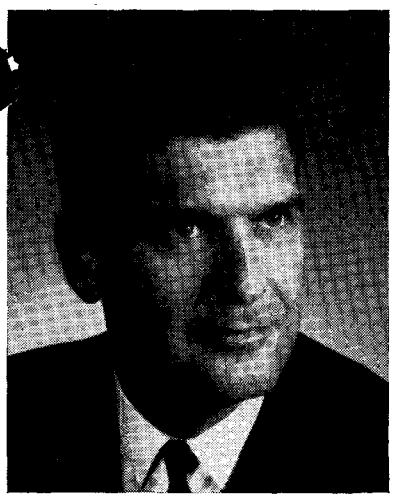
It happened in the year 1947. The air then was filled with dreams that pure titanium metal would replace both steel and aluminum. Small deposits of the new wonder had been found north of the St. Lawrence near Havre St. Pierre, and New Jersey Zinc Company geologists had tramped over the region the year before. During a summer recess from classes in engineering at the University of Toronto, young Uffen joined a prospecting party headed by Paul Hammond, now one of Canada's foremost geologists, to follow up the New Jersey reconnaissance.

After hacking their way through wilderness along four parallel paths all day, the four students returned to camp and reported, one after another, an astonishing outcrop of magnetic metal that threw their compasses haywire. So rich was the find that two solid weeks were spent in staking claims.

Next summer, again in pursuit of funds to finance his schooling, the student Uffen took part in an aerial survey of the neighborhood of the big titanium deposit; in trailing magnet[illegible] instruments through the air above th[illegible] St. Lawrence, he and others found stretches of rock in which the magnetic alignment was different from that of the surrounding magnetic field.

IN the new theory he is now refining, Professor Uffen has suggested a possible reason for such paleomagnetic contradictions, which are now known to exist all over the earth. This possibility is that early in the planet's history, many small magnetic fields sprang up in response to the churnings of cells of molten iron in earth's core before the core grew large enough to constitute a single, overpowering magnet.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bill Barrett—London

Prof. Robert J. Uffen

Many years of thought went into the projection of this third possibility. The thinking might never have been applied in that direction if the young man Uffen who came back from the war had not fortuitously acquired access to two unusual compasses.

One of these remarkable instruments was J. Tuzo Wilson, professor of geophysics at the University of Toronto. The second was A. D. Mizener. the [U]niversity's professor of physics. Both [p]ointed in the same direction. Genuine [u]nderstanding of the past and present behavior of the earth, they told their student Uffen, could be reached only by analyzing the chemistry and physics of the earth. In short, the planet should be examined as though it were a heat engine, in which volcanoes served as exhaust pipes and earthquakes shook the ashes from the fire.

An exciting challenge, this, for a tough and determined mind. Well, the Uffens had been accepting such challenges for several generations. Robert's grandfather had fought off the sea as chief petty officer of the Coast Guard at Clovelly on England's Devonshire waterfront. And Robert's father, after working his way to Canada as secretary to the chairman of a Royal Commission on education, stayed on as a functionary in the schools of Ontario Province.

Robert Uffen himself had decided to be an engineer. He got out of the Danforth Technical School in Toronto just in time to be beckoned into the Canadian Army as a private. In 1945, he returned from the fighting, an artillery lieutenant, and spent the next four years under the combined stimuli of Wilson and Mizener at the University of Toronto. In math and physics classes there he met Miss Mary Ruth Paterson, who married him in 1949, the same year in which he won his degree as a Bachelor of Applied Science in Engineering Physics. The first offspring of the wedding was another degree for the bridegroom: Master of Geophysics (1950).

A doctorate in physics, under Mizener, had been next on Uffen's schedule. But Mizener at that point moved to London, Ontario, to head the physics department at the University of Western Ontario. Uffen hesitated momentarily over the risks involved in leaving big Toronto for little London; then he gambled on Mizener and took a place as lecturer on the U.W.O. faculty to earn his keep.

The gamble paid off at fantastic odds. Since collecting U.W.O.'s first Ph.D. in Physics in 1952, Uffen has been: U.W.O.'s first professor of geophysics, first chief of U.W.O.'s department of geophysics, simultaneous chief of U.W.O.'s departments of geophysics and physics (after Mizener's departure from U.W.O. to direct the Ontario Research Foundation), and principal of U.W.O.'s university college of arts and science, which encompasses all the sciences.

As head of the key school on U.W.O.'s campus, Professor Uffen became responsible for budgeting priorities in faculty support of research in one discipline of science versus other disciplines. His personal experience gave him confidence in the physical sciences, but he felt weak in biology. To inform himself, he sat in on biology lectures. As he listened to these, patterns of new thought began to assemble and he entered the last phase of his theory on the related origins of earth and man.

ALTHOUGH his ideas have yet received small public attention in the United States, Professor Uffen is known to leading geophysicists of the country through associations begun when he was a postgraduate fellow at University of California's Institute of Geophysics ten years ago. Elsewhere in the world of science, he is recognized for his vigorous pioneering as chairman of the committee charged with planning and executing Canada's share of current global studies of earth's mantle. Within Canada, he ranks at the topmost level of science, for ten years past being a Canadian delegate to the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics and more recently a member of the National Research Council of Canada and the Defense Research Board of Canada.

Among researchers, Professor Uffen has a formidable reputation for research. Among teachers, he is applauded as a spontaneous fountain of inspiration.

His wife's role in this seemingly impossible concatenation of virtues is evident only in his voice as he speaks of her; it is so effective it does not show itself to strangers. The children (Joanne. 11; Robert, 9) are simply "like children are, bright enough to get into mischief sometimes." They play the piano. Their father paints sufficiently well to be president of the Western Art League. What does he paint? "Oh," he says, "I paint for fun, and it always comes out conservative."

—WILL JONATHAN.

productions; had they been so, evolution would have stopped at the point where perfection was reached; small variations had to be built into every model to prepare for unpredictable future shifts in the environment.

One of the important early innovations in the pattern-making were the porphyrins, dyes that grabbed up light [w]ith great agility. Into the skeletal [s]tructure of these molecules, like flesh [o]n bone, iron and magnesium atom fragments found their way. The iron combined with oxygen readily, hence could carry oxygen through the red cells of the blood of air-breathing animals. Such a hemoglobin transport system ultimately would carry more energy than any other. But before the hemoglobin could be used, there had to be oxygen to breathe and lungs to breathe it.

At the time we are here speaking of, there was little if any free oxygen in earth's atmosphere. That lack continued, as far as we know, until the porphyrins incorporated magnesium into their structure. The magnesium (which, incidentally, came like the iron from the depths of the planet) could pick up electrons from the sunlight and pass the electric spark along as food for the tissues of green plants that sprang up on the land. These growing green organisms inspired carbon dioxide and expired oxygen. The exchange not only revolutionized the composition of earth's atmosphere but, more importantly, created within the atmosphere a thick spherical shell of ozone (three-atomed oxygen) which screened out the most destructive wavelengths of ultra-violet sunlight that had got past the earlier established magnetic barriers described by professor Uffen.

In the grand sense, then, what the Uffen theory does is push backward across millions of years of time the beginnings of powerful natural phenomena which cupped the hands of nature, as it were, around the flickering match-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head of life. For metabolic systems had progressed a very long way from the first cannabalistic molecules imagined by Oparin to the place in time where the flowering plants expired enough oxygen to remake the atmosphere. Bacteria, thought of as primitive life forms today but actually extremely complicated creatures, had developed to their present state under the old regime. So had algae. The firefly and the electric eel may be relics of transition from those oxygen-starved times; because when oxygen first became plentiful it must have been a poison; to survive it, then living organisms had to break it down at once, and they did this by releasing some of its energy in flashes of light.

TODAY, after millions of years of biological evolution have improved upon billions of years of biochemical evolution, what once was a direct and immediate response by a living organism to the environment has become, in the human animal, reaction at an incredible distance from the natural surroundings. The metabolic machinery has become so delicately organized that a cell in the human body would be stunned if not killed outright by the energy of sunlight. The current of electrons is subtly switched at myriad points to minimize loss of power everywhere along the circuit of survival.

Laboratory experiments prompted by publication of an English translation of Oparin's ideas in 1938 have since demonstrated the reasonableness of that famous Russian's theories. First Dr. Melvin Calvin and then Dr. Harold Urey's student, S. L. Miller, and subsequently others proved that electric charges introduced into a soup of common hydrocarbon molecules in absence of oxygen would indeed create amino acids, the building blocks of life. And Dr. Sidney Fox has further produced cell-like globules by applying heat to molecular soup prepared according to Oparin's recipe.

There was a time, not too long ago, when biologists looked upon the cell as a tiny bagful of fluid. Everything worthwhile that happened in the cell was assumed to happen in the fluid. However the electric current of life might pass, it had to pass in ionic form; the charges had to move through the solution. But this conception has been radically revised by the electron microscope. By revealing details too minute to be seen directly in optical images, the ultra-magnified electronic shadows have opened a new research frontier on the cell membrane. What once seemed a plain and simple bag is as convoluted as a sheet of corrugated cardboard. Across such a surface, energy could easily be transported according to the laws of solid state physics. The more that is learned about it, the more the cell wall appears to be what Nobelist Albert Szent Gyorgyi a quarter century ago predicted it might be—a semi-conductor of electricity.

The significance of the semi-conductor in this context is as follows. While able neither to transmit current freely (as electrical conductors do) or to block the passage of current entirely (as insusulators do), a semi-conductor can manipulate electricity selectively; current can be caused to flow in one chosen direction only, and the amount of power being passed can be amplified or reduced by degrees specifically indicated through gentle signals. Such a switching system obviously fits the needs of man and other animals dependent on remotely controlled reaction to their surroundings.

The most direct and complete evidence of operation of a semi-conducting system within the body has been published in the last few months by a team of three researchers: Dr. Robert O. Becker, orthopedic surgeon of Syracuse, N.Y.; Dr. C. Andrew L. Bassett, orthopedic surgeon of New York City, and physics professor Charles H. Bachman of Syracuse University. These men subjected pieces of bullfrog, rat, dog and human bone to physical stress in laboratory apparatus and uncovered the long hidden mechanism by which bone changes its shape in the particular directions required to withstand particular weights and pressures and strains. The mechanism was analogous to the p-n junction of a transistor.

The letter "p" stands for "positive," the letter "n" for "negative." In p-type semi-conductors, there is a positive current, in n-type semi-conductors a negative current. Junction of the p-type and n-type regulates traffic in a one-way only pattern. And this is what happens in bone, which has two principal constituents—apatite mineral and collagen. Apatite is p-type, collagen n-type. Messaging between the two proceeds most efficiently at the normal temperature of the body. When word of stress from a particular direction is received, collagen fibers—which are always present—line up at the strategic point to answer the challenge by strengthening the bone. Small amounts of water play a mediating role in the process, just as the water did in Oparin's hypothetical primeval soup. The Becker-Bassett-Bachman experiments suggest that vitamins and hormones perform the same function in bone growth as is performed by impurities deliberately introduced into transistors made of germanium or silicon: they speed up the transfer of electrons.

Now that we know how it is that our bones withstand the strain of carrying us where we need to go in answer to environmental demands, it would be satisfying to understand how our muscles are guided to move these bones. Happily, this part of the story is already on the record. Several years ago, Drs. Becker and Bachman and another collaborator, psychiatrist Howard Friedman of New York State University, experimented on the central nervous systems of salamanders and frogs. It was discovered then that an electric current flowed inward along the sensory fibers which carry information gathered by the eyes, ears, nose and skin—the descriptions of what is seen, heard, smelt and felt (pressure, heat, pain). Along the fibers of the motor nerves which command the muscles to contract and expand and move the animals about in response to this information, another electric current was found flowing oppositely. Here, apparently, were the complementary halves of one electrical circuit. Their presence contradicted previous determinations that no flow of electricity was involved in the lightning-like action of sensory or motor nerves. However, Dr. Becker confirmed the presence by blocking the nerve pathways with local anesthetics; when the nerves went to sleep, the flow of current stopped.

"WE think the current we detect is the most primitive guidance system within man's body," Dr. Becker wrote in SR/Research for February 3, 1962. "It was through this system, we believe, that the environment instructed our oldest ancestors in what behavior they should follow in order to survive on earth."

In support of this view, Dr. Becker and his fellow researchers correlated the rate of admissions of patients to several mental hospitals with the daily and monthly fluctuations in earth's magnetic field. The resulting tables of figures were fed into a computer, which reported direct and very close relationships between the most dramatic form of disturbance to the human central nervous system and changes in the magnetic field of the planet.

It may be that Canada's Professor Uffen, in formulating his theory about the midwife's role of earth's magnetosphere in the birth of man, has hit upon something even bigger than he supposed. The mystery remains: Where did Oparin's primeval soup come from? For an answer from Oparin's home land, read on to the next page.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

►►►►►►►►►►►►►►►►►►►►

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences—by Sovfoto

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Where, indeed? Most discussants of the question of life's origin on earth assume that the living process began with hydrocarbon molecules in the surface waters of the young earth, and that one of the by-products of the process was formation of petroleum by living organisms, primitive creatures of the sea perhaps. Could it have happened the other way 'round? Might the pools of petroleum which are now found below the surface of the planet have originated from violent upheavals within the juvenile earth? Might some of the petroleum hydrocarbons have reached the crust and there have become the starting material for the primeval "soup" of life? The argument below is taken from the Pergamon Press book, "Aspects of the Origin of Life," edited by M. Florkin, president of the International Union of Biochemistry (Copyright © by Pergamon Press).

P. N. KROPOTKIN
Geological Institute, U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences

ALL modern investigations of the origin of life lead to the conclusion that the source of primary, most primitive forms of life on earth was abiogenic [lifeless] organic compounds of the complex hydrocarbon type. Among the organic material widely distributed in earth's crust that could be considered as a source of the primary forms of life is petroleum, or complex hydrocarbons similar to it in composition.

Most investigators assume that earth's atmosphere originally contained no oxygen. Free oxygen appeared later, as a result of the life activity of plants. Evidently, reducing chemical conditions [those in which chemical compounds are stripped of oxygen and thus brought to a pure elementary state] were predominant in the atmosphere at that time. Besides a certain amount of methane, there were probably carbon dioxide, nitrogen, and aqueous vapor in the atmosphere.

Developing in such conditions at the surface of dry land or water basins, the primary living organisms evidently could neither make use of solar energy (not yet having acquired chlorophyll) nor of the energy which under present conditions is freed through oxidation of organic compounds in the atmosphere or in water containing molecular oxygen (for instance, in processes of putrefaction). It would appear that chemical processes at that time were of the type now effected by anaerobic [those which live without free oxygen] bacteria.

Two types of exothermic [heat releasing] reactions may be considered as prototypes of the processes through which the vital activity of the primary organisms could have taken place. The first type of reaction is carried on by anaerobic bacteria during the decomposition of organic matter in water basins in conditions of a reducing chemical medium, methane being formed [from hydrogen and carbon] at the expense of more complex organic compounds. The second type of reaction is brought about by desulphurizing petroleum bacteria in the presence of petroleum and water.

Petroleum bacteria, discovered by T. L. Ginzburg-Karagicheva in the petroleum of the Apsheron Peninsula, and by Bastin in the Pennsylvania oil (U.S.A.), are found in wells from 2,400 to 9,000 feet deep. They breed most abundantly near the interface where the petroleum comes in contact with waters underlying it, these waters usually being of the sulphate-chloride type. It is known that the sulphates in these waters are of inorganic origin and are derived partly from the salt residue in the marine sedimentary strata, and partly, possibly, from mineralized waters of more abyssal genesis.

Similar conditions, in principle, could have arisen in the Archaean era [3,500 million years ago] at the surface of lagoons or other water basins, if the water was covered with a film of oil. It should be noted that the oxidation of oil [which now rapidly leads to the formation of resin, polymerization of bitumens, and transformation of petroleum into asphalt] at that time did not as yet take place because of the lack of oxygen. Consequently, conditions favorable for the reduction of sulphates in sea or lake waters, with petroleum present, could have been maintained for a considerable time.

The pattern of origin and development of life outlined above could be considered only if the sources of large quantities of petroleum [or of abiogenic hydrocarbons similar to oil in chemical composition] were known. The origin of petroleum has been debated for 100 years and is one of geology's most controversial problems.

The hypothesis that petroleum is of inorganic origin was first put forward by V. Sokolov in 1890. Highly popular at first, it was developed by D. I. Mendeleev, M. Berthelot, H. Moissan, E. Coste, and others. Later, it seemed to have been completely abandoned. This was especially so during the 1920's and 30's, when there appeared the investigations of C. D. White, P. D. Trask, and others in the U.S.A., of I. M. Gubkin, G. L. Stadnikov, and A. D. Arkhangelskii in the U.S.S.R., and so on. [All of whom argued that petroleum was a product of decay of organic matter, particularly of marine organisms].

RECENTLY, geologists have again become interested in the inorganic hypothesis. In 1951, N. A. Kudryavtsev criticized the organic theory and put forward serious arguments in favor of inorganic origin of petroleum. At the 1954 Lvov Conference dedicated to problems of the origin and migration of oil, two reports in favor of the inorganic hypothesis were submitted. In the United States, the inorganic hypothesis was supported by Macdermott and such well known specialists as Van Tuyl, Parker and Van Orstrand. At the same time, ideas connected with the organic hypothesis were developing in such a way that they began to contradict one another. In our mind, these contradictions reveal a profound crisis into which the organic theory has come.

Oil fields are usually found in regions which possess natural gas deposits (methane, with a certain amount of ethane and heavier hydrocarbons), sometimes in mixed oil and gas deposits, forming together definite oil and gas provinces (petroliferous provinces). Geological investigation of these districts shows that both their general outline and the location of separate deposits of petroleum and gas are determined not by the presence or absence of sedimentary rocks rich in biogenic organic substances (for instance, coal, carbonaceous and bituminous shales), but

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by purely tectonic factors, i.e. by dislocations of the strata in the earth's crust. Frequently, the localization of oil is determined by deep faults, cutting both the sedimentary cover and the crystalline basement under it. Such are the petroleum fields of Egypt along the faults of the earth's crust bordering the Red Sea graben, the large gas fields of eastern Brazil, and the oil appearing in the Lake Baikal graben in Siberia and in the Lake Albert graben in Africa. The connection with the deep faults and flexures of the crystalline basement is manifested, although in a somewhat masked form, in the location of many oil and gas fields on tectonic platforms: for instance, the Volga River fields and the Eldorado field in Kansas. Thus it can be seen that oil and gas deposits are coincident with the zones where, owing to faults, flexures and tension of earth's crust, the basement becomes more penetrable to fluids rising from the depths of the earth.

The absence of any connection between the localization of petroleum and the distribution of biogenic organic substances is evidenced by the fact that the coal basins and large deposits of bituminous rocks of the combustible shale type (Scotland, Tasmania, Sweden, Estonia, and others) are, in the overwhelming majority of cases, not found in oil-bearing districts of industrial importance. And if in some such districts, like the Urals and Pennsylvania, petroleum is met, its vertical distribution is traced much lower than the layers rich in organic substances; consequently, petroleum must have another source.

The vertical distribution of petroleum and gas also indicates a much wider range of hydrocarbon migration than is accepted in different variations of the organic theory. I. O. Brod pointed out that "if we are to understand as primary deposits those which originated *in situ*, then we must state that such deposits do not exist at all". Obvious structural geological and lithological evidence is always found to show that these hydrocarbons came to the reservoir rocks not only after the formation of the rocks bearing them, but after the rocks have undergone the action of tectonic forces (fractured, flexed and folded).

THE vertical distribution of petroleum does not show any connection with the distribution of organic matter in the earth's crust layers. The achievements of the technique of prospect drilling to a depth of almost three miles in the U.S.S.R. and almost four miles in the U.S.A., have furnished much new data on the extent of the vertical migration of hydrocarbons. It turns out that petroleum and gas are met in large quantities below the layers rich in organic matter (for instance, the dark clays of the Maikop series in the Caucasus), which only recently were considered the mother formations (i.e. primary source rocks) of oil. With the increase of drilling depth, in oil districts all over the world, new oil-bearing horizons are discovered down to the base of sedimentary cover.

The early Palaeozoic sedimentary rocks (Cambrian, Ordovician) at the base of the sedimentary layers are oil bearing in the Mid-Continent, Appalachian, and so-called Permian Basin of western Texas on the North American platform, in Wyoming, on the Chinese platform, and in the southern Siberian platform. The Devonian series, comprising the lower part of the sedimentary cover, are oil-bearing in the Timan and Volga-Urals provinces on the Russian platform.

If the igneous and metamorphic rocks of the folding basement are sufficiently crushed by faults and cracks and may serve as oil collectors, these rocks sometimes contain commercial reserves of oil (Kansas, the Edison oil field [redacted] others in California; Mara-La Paz field in Venezue[redacted] Traces of petroleum have been met in fractured granite[redacted] or gneisses of the pre-Cambrian basement in Wyoming, on the shores of Lake Baikal and the Red Sea, and in the pre-Cambrian Ural-Volga oil-bearing districts (Shugurovo, Vyatskaya Polyana). In some Volga districts the impregnation of oil bitumens has been discovered in cores of granite-gneissic rocks of the pre-Cambrian crystalline basement extracted from boring wells. Bores in the metamorphic shales of the folding basement in Timan have revealed oil and combustible gas to a depth of 1,300 feet below the roof (upper surface) of basement rock.

In the part of the Canadian pre-Cambrian shield bordering on the Michigan and Appalachian petroleum- and gas-bearing provinces, combustible gases appear directly from the pre-Cambrian granite-gneiss basement (the region of the Lakes Superior and Huron, the Edwards Mine in the Adirondack pre-Cambrian uplift). At Fort William, for instance, combustible gas was obtained by drilling in the pre-Cambrian basement at a depth of 1,100-1,300 feet.

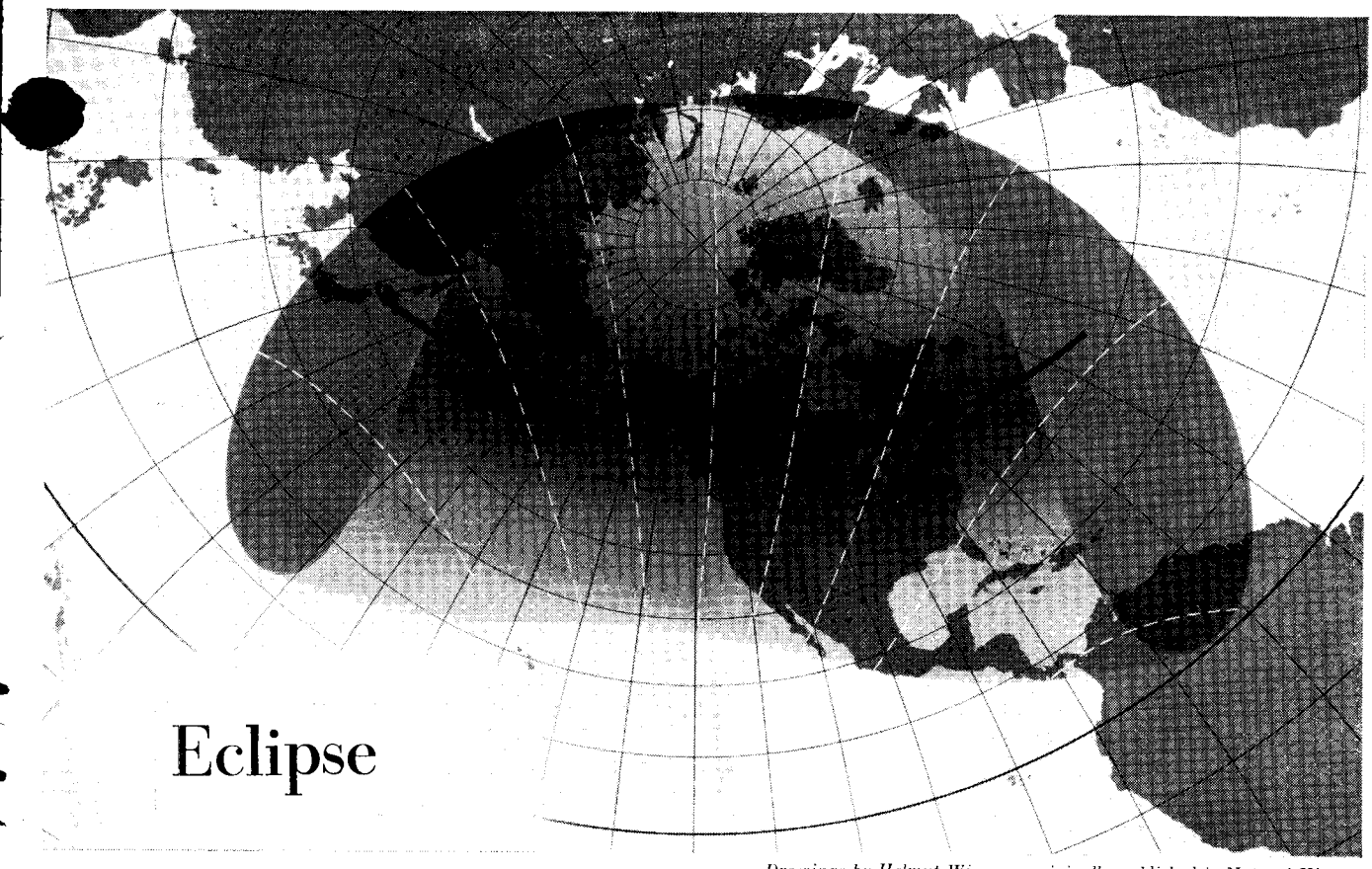
THIS list is enough to convince us that the sources of petroleum and gas are deep down in the pre-Cambrian basement, corresponding to what the geophysicists call the granite layer of the earth's crust. The presence of free hydrogen and methane in volcanic gases, and the discovery of liquid hydrocarbons and solid paraffins in the basalt lava of Mt. Etna and in products of volcanic eruptions on the Island of Java indicate that hydrocarbons are met in still deeper layers of the earth.

Gaseous hydrocarbons, free hydrogen, nitrogen, [redacted] helium, i.e. gases the deep origin of which becomes more a[redacted] more evident, are the characteristic geochemical associates of petroleum. The gas pressure at the deep horizons is so great (combustible gases up to 880 atmospheres, nitrogen up to twenty atmospheres and more) that it cannot be explained by biochemical processes or by the capture of atmospheric gases. The high pressure of subterranean gases shows that they come from the depths. V. I. Varnadskii, who long ago considered the earth as a cold and solid cosmic body with scatterings of separate nidi of magmatic melts, was the first to note the grandiose scale at which the deep juvenile gases (nitrogen, methane, and others) discharge. Their ascent from the depths of the earth's crust he figuratively called "the breathing of the earth."

Lately, thanks to investigations carried on by V. A. Sokolov, the magnitude of incessant addition of methane from the depths of the earth into the atmosphere has become known. He has estimated the annual addition of methane to the atmosphere from oil and gas deposits and volcanoes to be about 100 million tons. Even if we were to take a figure ten times less, it would appear that, during a very short geological period of 100,000 years, the atmosphere has received an amount of hydrocarbons many times more than the known and estimated oil resources on the earth. In this aspect, the accumulation of oil appears to be a secondary resulting effect of ascension of gaseous hydrocarbons from the depths of the earth.

These conclusions about the abyssal but magma-independent origin of petroleum and gas are in agreement with the modern conceptions of deep faults, of the solid st[redacted] of the earth's mantle and the formation of the planet fr[redacted] cold cosmic dust and gas (the hypotheses of O. Yu. Shmidt, H. Urey and others). Judging by the relative abundance of hydrocarbons in the cosmos, there was a sufficient amount of these compounds in the original gas-and-dust nebula from which the earth and other planets of the solar system have arisen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



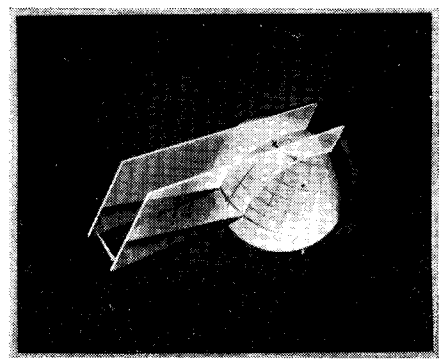
Eclipse

—*Drawings by Helmut Wimmer, originally published in* Natural History.

WHEN the moon, in its travel around the earth, comes between the planet and the sun, a shadow passes eastward through space at a speed of nearly 2,100 miles per hour. When this shadow falls upon the earth, the earth itself is revolving eastward. So the speed of the shadow across the earth is slowed down relatively. The slowdown is most noticeable at the equator. There, where the earth is moving around its axis at a rate of 1,040 miles per hour, the moon's shadow crosses the ground at 1,060 miles per hour (2,100 minus 1,040). The closer the shadow falls to the poles of the earth, the faster the shadow goes. At 65 degrees latitude, for example, the earth turns at 440 miles per hour. Hence the moon's shadow races along there at 2,100 minus 440 miles or 1,660 miles per hour.

The next scheduled passing of the shadow is due on the twentieth day of July 1963. The moon will intercept the sun's light before dawn over Japan. By late morning, the shadow will have reached Alaska in the vicinity of Numivak Island and passed between Fairbanks and Anchorage. Since Fairbanks is 65 degrees north, the sun will be darkened completely for only a minute and a half. The shadow will continue at that speed across the Yukon Territory, Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territory of Canada, sparsely populated areas of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario, and through southern Quebec and central Maine before disappearing into the Atlantic in late afternoon over Bar Harbor.

Now the width of the shadow depends on how far the earth is away from the sun and how far the moon is away from the earth. When the earth is farthest from the sun and the moon is nearest to earth, the cone of the shadow will be about 235,700 miles long while the moon is about 221,600 miles from the earth. Under those conditions, the shadow which strikes the earth may be a circle 167 miles across. On July 20, the moon's shadow cone will be near the maximum length of 235,700 miles. But the earth will be about 233,500 miles from the moon. Therefore, the shadow of total darkness will be only sixty-four miles in diameter.



—*Helmut Wimmer.*

MOON'S SHADOW CONE will move across space marked by panels above. Earth itself turns meanwhile from plane of left panel to line drawn from equator northward midway between the two panels.

In Alaska, the sky will darken completely over the towns of Talkeetna, Sourdough (at 10:20 a.m. Alaska Standard Time), and Slana. In Maine, darkness will fall on Cambridge, Dexter, Newport, Bangor and Bar Harbor for about a minute between 4.42 and 4.44 p.m. Eastern Standard Time.

ACCORDING to the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History, the sun's face will be partly obscured over great stretches of the United States (see map above, on which the line of totality is marked in solid black and partial eclipse areas in grey). Percentages of darkness:

Atlanta	62 percent.
Boston	94 percent.
Chicago	77 percent.
Cincinnati	74 percent.
Denver	54 percent.
Detroit	83 percent
El Paso	31 percent.
Fort Worth	45 percent.
Helena (Mont)	66 percent.
Los Angeles	26 percent.
Miami	49 percent.
Minneapolis	78 percent.
New Orleans	47 percent.
New York	89 percent.
St. Louis	67 percent.
Salt Lake City	51 percent.
San Francisco	34 percent.
Seattle	63 percent
Washington, D.C.	82 percent.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

FROM FREEDOM'S HERALD TO PROPHET IN CHAINS

A Disillusioned History of Science

THE ethic of the scientific revolution [which began in the 17th century] was that of an optimistic, expansive view of human life. It was filled with the conviction that science would enhance human happiness. It had confidence in the human estate and in the aims and possibilities of human knowledge. It proposed to alleviate drudgery, and to transform work from an eternal curse to a human joy. It aspired, in its reading of the book of nature, to abrogate the tired dictum of Ecclesiastes, "Knowledge increaseth sorrow." Above all, the scientific revolutionists felt themselves part of an international community of scientific intellectuals who were pointing a way beyond the religious and national creeds which divided mankind. Thus, the American Philosophical Society in 1780 assumed that its members could, despite their country's war with England, communicate freely with English scientists. Its charter declared "that it shall and may be lawful for the said Society by their proper officers, at all times, whether in peace or war, to correspond with learned Societies, as well as individual learned men, of any nation. . . ."

The scientific revolutionists had a firm faith in the triumph of human rationality. They knew that scientific advances made possible new modes of destructive warfare, but they believed that the advent of peace would thereby be hastened—for certainly, they thought, people would prefer peace rather than mutual self-destruction. Shortly after the first balloons were flown in 1783, Benjamin Franklin wrote optimistically that now that "five thousand balloons, capable of raising two men each" could be constructed as cheaply as five warships, the age of wars was over. For what princes would wish to undertake the huge expenditure for defense against such an attack? Scientific advance would thus convince "Sovereigns of the folly of wars." When Franklin was asked what use this new invention would be, he replied, "What good is a new-born baby?" The image of birth was a familiar metaphor among the scientific revolutionists.

During our generation, however, science has become the bearer of a death wish. A scientific counterrevolution has been taking place. When J. Robert Oppenheimer, on July 16, 1945, saw at Almagordo, New Mexico, the first explosion of an atomic bomb, he recalled the lines of the Bhagavad-Gita, "I am become death—the shatterer of worlds." Two years later, Oppenheimer said, "The physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose."

No scientist in the seventeenth century would have dreamed of saying "I am become death." For the scientific revolutionists regarded themselves as harbingers of life. They came to undo the age-old damage to men's minds, to liberate them with the light of knowledge from the dark mythology of original sin.

Today a thanatistic conception of knowledge is operative in the scientific unconscious; to know an object is to destroy it. The "new philosophy" of the seventeenth-century scientists was virtually done to death by the committee of scientists which recommended the use of the atomic bomb on the Japanese mainland in 1945. Since then, an ethic of original sin, translated into the languages of decision-making, power-seeking, and electronic computation, has pervaded scientific circles. The scientist is no longer the scientific revolutionist but the laboratory managerialist. The scientists are becoming just one more of society's interest groups, lobbying for their greater share in the national income, and for power and prestige.

Among the various groups which had a voice in the decision to use the atomic bomb, the official leaders of science were the least humane. The military chiefs, oddly enough, showed the greatest human compassion. Admiral Leahy declared that to drop the atomic bomb on the Japanese was to adopt "an ethical standard common to the barbarians of the Dark Ages. . . . I was not taught to make war in that fashion. . . ." General Eisenhower hoped we would not "take the lead in introducing into war something as horrible and destructive."

On the other hand, the statesmen from left to right, without exception, were singularly oblivious of the moral issues involved. President Truman, in some ways the most Lincolnesque figure to have occupied the White House in the last century, the unsuccessful storekeeper with a common man's touch, read the memorandum of April 25, 1945, from his Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson: "Within four months we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known in human history. . . . The world in its present state of moral advancement compared with its technical development would be eventually at the mercy of such a weapon. In other words, modern civilization might be completely destroyed." The President, relying on the counsel of his Secretary and the Scientific Advisory Panel, disregarded the moral issues, and looked upon the question solely as a "military decision." He never coped with the fact that a novel type of warfare was being declared ethically admissible.

As for the Scientific Advisory Panel, composed of four most eminent scientists—Enrico Fermi, Ernest O. Lawrence, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and Arthur H. Compton—it advised and agreed on this final decision. A grotesque compulsion seemed to preside over the deliberations as to the use of the bomb. Japanese arms were beaten, the first peace overtures from the enemy had been received, their navy was destroyed, their economy shattered. The experiment, however, had to be made. Einstein, the godfather of the atomic project, a man with the classical ethics of the scientific revolution, was "completely powerless," as he later said, "to prevent the fateful decision."

CIVILIZATION swung a full hundred and eighty degrees from the century of Galileo, Descartes, and the Royal Society to the era of our own Scientific Advisory Panel. For once, the scientists could say they had the accord of public opinion; a poll in the United States, Canada, Britain, and France showed that overwhelming majorities in 1945 approved the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. But herein was the tragedy of the scientific intellectuals. They were no longer the guardians of the "new philosophy," the prophets of a new hope. They were technicians with the prejudices of ordinary men carried away with pride by their new technological accomplishment.

According to Norbert Wiener, the managerial scientists were influenced by two types of motives in advocating the bomb's use. In the first place, they had spent billions of dollars, and wished to be able to justify these huge ex-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

penditures before any later Congressional interrogation. In this eventuality, [redacted] position of the high administrators [redacted] nuclear research would be much stronger if they could make a legitimate or plausible claim that this research had served a major purpose in terminating the war." Second, writes Wiener, there were

> *. . . the desires of the gadgeteer to see the wheels go round. Moreover, the whole idea of push-button warfare has an enormous temptation for those who are confident of their power of invention and have a deep distrust of human beings. . . . It is unfortunate in more than one way that the war and the subsequent uneasy peace have brought them to the front. [Although the] working scientists felt very little personal power and had very little desire for it, there was a group of administrative gadget workers who were quite sensible of the fact that they now had a new ace in the hole in the struggle for power.*

[redacted] new species of young scientist [redacted]id to be arising in America. He has [redacted]use for the hopes of the "new philosophy" of the seventeenth century. He has no philosophy; a few scraps of managerial ideology suffice for him.

> *We are raising a generation of young men [writes Norbert Wiener], "who will not look at any scientific project which does not have millions of dollars invested in it. . . . We are for the first time finding a scientific career well paid and attractive to a large number of our best young go-getters. The trouble is that scientific work of the first quality is seldom done by the go-getters, and that the dilution of the intellectual milieu makes it progressively harder for the individual worker with any ideas to get a hearing. . . . The degradation of the position of the scientist as an independent worker and thinker to that of a morally irresponsible stooge in a science-factory has proceeded even more rapidly and devastatingly than I had expected.*

[redacted]mong the youth of the United [redacted]tes the "image" of the scientist has been profoundly transformed. Once he was conceived very much as Sinclair Lewis conceived Arrowsmith—a selfish, disinterested seeker after truth, a benefactor of humanity. Now, high-school students in the United States feel that the goals of science are not only humanitarian but also "destructive (dissecting, destroying enemies, making explosives that threaten the home, the country, or all mankind)." The scientist is also regarded as very likely engaged in pursuit of his individual gain ("making money, gaining fame and glory"). He is no longer. however, the embodiment of the free spirit. "If he works for a big company. . . . he is just a cog in a wheel"; if for the government, he is bound to keep secrets, and is under constant surveillance.

Einstein, a surviving voice from the classical revolution of 1905, warned in the year 1950 that the independence of the scientist was being threatened from within; "the shrewd methods of intellectual and psychic influence brought to bear upon the scientist will prevent the development of genuinely independent personalities. Intellectual individualism and the thirst for scientific knowledge," continued Einstein, "emerged simultaneously in history and have remained inseparable." Now, however, "the man of science has retrogressed to such an extent that he accepts as inevitable the slavery inflicted upon him by national states. He even degrades himself to such an extent that he obediently lends his talents to help perfect the means destined for the general destruction of mankind." Four years later, in 1954, Einstein amazed his fellow-Americans by saying that if he were a young man, deciding again how to make his living, "I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler. . . ."

There is a vitality, however, in the tradition of the scientific intellectuals of the seventeenth century that will survive the hegemony of the managerial technician. For their aspiration coincided with the universal nature of man in his deepest consciousness, and as such still partakes of a deathless quality. The anxieties that irrationalize men are not rooted in the nature of things; they are phenomena of time and place. The rule of the managerial technicians is not itself a technological necessity; it depends largely on the condition of unstable equilibrium in which the perpetual fear of atomic war prevails. The human spirit itself remains discontent with the perversion of its noblest aims to the service of destruction. With only a modicum of good fortune, the "new philosophy" may once more be renewed, and in altered circumstances be able to assert itself once again.

—Lewis S. Feuer,
in *The Scientific Intellectual*,
(Basic Books, $10).

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

A SHOCKING DRUG

Surely *SR* doesn't need to resort to *True Confession* type covers to attract newsstand buyers, does it? "They Split My Personality" is a curiously misleading title for a seemingly factual account of a scientific experiment which had rather unexpected results, in part.

Barbara A. George.
Spencer, Mass.

Saturday Review, June 1, 1963, "They Split My Personality" (page 39)—Harry Asher.

A bit of sensationalism in poor taste—quite unlike the usual approach of the magazine. It contributed very little.

Margaret Shaft.
Big Bend, Wis.

I have been a steady *SR* reader for years but an article in the June 1st issue, "They Split My Personality," has shaken my confidence in your Science Section and, in fact, in the whole magazine, since this incredible article was featured on the cover.

I can only believe (1) that the article is a hoax, or (2) that the writer is still under the influence of that "thirty-millionth of a gram of lysergic acid." If the article is at all factual, then the British "scientists" and "psychiatrists" who nonchalantly toyed with Asher's brain and nervous system and then abandoned him to muddle through on his own are guilty of gross criminal negligence.

Of course the article never mentions the actual name of any scientist or psychiatrist, nor does it state where all this took place. Everything is very vague. "Dr." Asher (doctor of what?) is said to be a lecturer in pysiology (sic) at the University of Birmingham, England." Did all this occur at the university?

How come *SR*'s Science Editor accept and print such an unprofessional account of such a serious matter?

Mrs. Raymond Bell.
Tucson, Ariz.

Harry Asher's article on LSD gives certain unfortunate impressions about the effects of the drug.

First, one is led to believe that the personality splitting he refers to is common. It is not. While this sort of phenomenon has been reported elsewhere, it is unusual. The clue to why it occurred with Dr. Asher is given in his first paragraphs (he was being experimented on by people who did not know how to care for him under highly anxiety provoking circumstances) and later on when we note the ineptitude with which the psychiatrist deals with him. Workers with this drug, such as Abramson, myself, and many others note the importance of the psychological preparation of the patient if one wishes to avoid untoward reactions. With properly selected patients, who are properly prepared and tested and given the proper dosage, the reaction Asher describes simply does not occur. Inciden-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tally, did he really take 30 millionths of a gram or was it 300, as seems more likely.

Second, the background statement says that "LSD is not used as a medicine for emotional disorder" and ". . . if LSD had proved practical in treatment of diseased mentalities." Aside from the use of such questionable terms as "diseased mentalities," I can state that there are many who have found LSD to be of great use in the treatment of the neuroses.

LSD is being investigated 1) as a facilitating agent in psychotherapy and psychoanalysis, 2) as a treatment agent in itself, and 3) as a "psychedelic" or consciousness expanding agent. It is also being used, as you state, to study the mind.

I enclose a reprint with an extensive bibliography and a typescript of my article soon to be published in *Science and Psychoanalysis*, Vol. VII, Grune & Stratton. I think that these two articles effectively correct the impression your background statement gives.

Dr. Asher's account is undoubtedly accurate as far as it goes, but due allowance for the setting of the experiment should be made. The experiment he took part in was an uncontrolled, inedequately handled, "wild" experiment insofar as psychotherapy is concerned. There may have been other purposes which the experiment served, but the impression should not be given that LSD has no place in psychiatric treatment.

CHARLES CLAY DAHLBERG, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

ALTHOUGH I FOUND Harry Asher's description of his LSD experience (SR June 1) extremely interesting, there are several points in his article which I believe are misleading. Dr. Asher states that LSD has "exciting possibilities because it produces in some subjects symptoms which resemble those of schizophrenia." He goes on to say that the promise of LSD is that it may lead to the development of an antidote for schizophrenis. In the same vein, the background statement which accompanied the article informs us that LSD is not used as a medicine for emotional disorders and that it is not dependable in therapy.

While it is true that much of the research with this drug has been concerned with the duplication of a schizophrenic state by chemical means, a great deal of the more recent studies with LSD have dealt with the effectiveness of LSD as an adjunct to psychotherapy. When utilized within the context of psychotherapy, the similarities between the LSD reaction and schizophrenia have not been as clear cut as was the case in laboratory experiments such as the one described by Dr. Asher. The more striking result has been that the drug frequently aids the patient to achieve insight into himself and to gain a new perspective on his life. Although the use of LSD in psychotherapy has come to be a rather controversial procedure, many of us who have done research in this area feel that LSD and similar "consciousness expanding" drugs offer great hope for speeding the process of treatment and sometimes bringing about favorable personality changes which would be unobtainable by the more traditional methods.

LSD has not proved to be helpful with schizophrenics and other seriously disintegrated personalities; however, there are a number of studies which indicate that LSD is relatively safe and extremely effective when used with caution in psychotherapy with carefully selected patients. A great deal of additional research is needed to determine what kinds of patients are apt to benefit most from treatment with LSD. Exploratory studies thus far suggest that LSD when properly used has much to offer to the overcontrolled individual who is cut off from his feelings and who tends to overemphasize the importance of finding an intellectualized answer to all of the problems of life. Many who have taken LSD would not say as Dr. Asher did that LSD split their personality. Rather, they would claim that LSD helped to make them whole.

JAMES M. TERRILL, Ph.D.
Mental Research Institute.
Palo Alto, Calif.

IN THE JUNE ISSUE, Harry Asher's article on LSD indicated that "LSD is not dependable in therapy" (as you stated in your background commentary). May I refer you to the work of Dr. A. Hoffer in Saskatchewan, with LSD-25. At Harvard, in a study in prisoner rehabilitation, Doctors Leary and Alpert and their group have cut the normal rate of recidivism by two-thirds. In Los Angeles, Dr. Cary Fisher has had great success in rehabilitating psychotic children with LSD-25. I also call your attention to an article by Mr. Gerald Heard, the distinguished writer and philosopher, in the May issue of *Horizon*, which discusses the value of LSD in increasing creativity. From another perspective, Cary Grant's article in the April *Ladies' Home Journal* describes his own positive life-change brought about through this chemical substance.

Unfortunately space here does not allow for a detailed reply to all of the exaggerations and journalistic touches which characterized Mr. Asher's writing.

FRANK FERGUSON,
Executive Secretary
International Federation
for Internal Freedom
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's Science Editor regrets that some of his readers misinterpreted last month's report on LSD. The indiscriminate use of LSD and related drugs in this country has reached frightening proportions, and only an aroused citizenry can establish and enforce appropriate controls.*

Harry Asher's account of his personal experience was chosen for publication for two reasons. First, Mr. Asher described what happened to a man who took the drug and then went into the street on his own. People who take LSD for "kicks" follow precisely such a course after the drug is bootlegged into their hands.

A corollary reason for choosing Mr. Asher's report above others available was that he, a professional researcher in the science of optics for fifteen years, was far better fitted by training than most patients are to appraise the illusory and hallucinatory effects for which LSD is notorious. Mr. Asher occupies a post on the faculty of the medical school of the University of Birmingham in England. Although he should not have been designated as doc (being neither an M.D. nor a Ph.D.), holds three other degrees—B.A., M. Bi M. Phys.

Comment on the sources of the letters above is now in order. In answer to the general tone of defense of LSD's use, it may be pointed out that the American Handbook of Psychiatry and the Hand-

A Devil's Advocate for Congress

THE only place where I would question the matter of advice [obtained by the federal government from qualified scientists] comes at the point where Congress is voting on appropriations. At that point the Congress gets advice that is almost unanimously of a self-interested kind. There has not been created a mechanism for some kind of a Devil's Advocate.

The Bureau of the Budget tries to function in such a capacity but the people in the Bureau of the Budget are not sufficiently independent, are not sufficiently informed. I think it would be very useful if, in these areas involving great appropriations, a group of first-class scientists could be asked to point out what are the negative aspects [of scientific projects] that are glossed over by the advocates [of those projects].

Some of my scientist friends are great enthusiasts. They feel there is no end to the amount of money that can be usefully appropriated for science. So there is no restraint on them and they will advocate, and advocate, enthusiastically and forcefully.

Somehow or other, the role of the Devil's Advocate should not only be established but the Devil's Advocate should be given a little bit of due.

The Devil's Advocate should be available to the legislative branch [of the government] and both the majority and minority party should have some say in calling upon that kind of talent.

—PHILIP H. ABELSON,
Editor of *Science*
in testimony before the U.S. Senate Committee
on Aeronautical and Space Sciences.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book of Abnormal Psychology both discourage therapeutic use of LSD.

The papers enclosed with Dr. Dahlberg's letter describe only three cases of psychoanalysis in which LSD was used as an adjunct. And Dr. Dahlberg surrounds even those cases with warnings to fellow practitioners. For example: "Psychosis as well as pre-psychotic or borderline conditions rule out the drug. Epilepsy and any organic brain condition [also] are contra-indications, and one would not want to use it in a pregnant woman. A seriously depressed person should have LSD only in a hospital because of the danger of suicide. . . . The mystical nature of the experience can play into the hands of the paranoid personality, so the drug should be avoided with these patients." A patient should be studied for six months "to confirm the absence of a hidden psychotic process" before treatment with LSD is considered. "The person under the influence of LSD should not be left alone for any significant period of time." Patients receiving LSD are "sent home with an attendant who remains on call for eight to twelve hours." "A hospital should be available if needed."

There is no documentation in the medical literature for Mr. Ferguson's statement that LSD has reduced recidivism among law offenders and cured juvenile psychosis. In answer to a telephoned question, Mr. Ferguson said the International Federation for Internal Freedom was organized "to promote research with LSD." LSD has been approved by the U. S. Food and Drug Administration for investigational use only. Promotion of use of investigational drugs is prohibited by law. Two of IFIF's organizers, Drs. Richard Alpert and Timothy Leary, were removed from the faculty of Harvard University after a long controversy over their experiments with Harvard students. More recently, Dr. Leary and nineteen others were ordered deported from Mexico because of a so-called psychic drug research center near Acapulco.

Below is a pertinent statement from the editor of the American Medical Association's psychiatric journal:

I READ with a great deal of interest the article in your recent number concerning the use and consequences of LSD.

I am enclosing an editorial which I wrote and published as Chief Editor of *Archives of General Psychiatry* and which emphasizes the possible harmfulness associated with the ill-advised utilization of the drug. I think it might be helpful to have your readers know about this.

ROY R. GRINKER, SR., M.D.
Director,
Institute for Psychosomatic and
Psychiatric Research and Training
Michael Reese Hospital
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The mentioned editorial:*

LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE

Lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25) was introduced as a psychomimetic drug and became a powerful investigative tool. Significant research was conducted on animals and later on humans. However, the comparison of the psychological and physiological effects of LSD-25 with those of schizophrenia could not be validated after careful study, and the concept of a "model psychosis" was found to be weak.

LSD-25 then was used as an adjunct to psychotherapy, presumably loosening defenses and facilitating "insight." The affective release interested many psychiatrists who administered the drug to themselves, and some, who became enamored with the mystical hallucinatory state, eventually in their "mystique" became disqualified as competent investigators. Lay people "bootlegged" the drug for its pleasurable effect, and a few writers published stories and books on the subject for the lay public. Motion picture actors extolled its benefits, and television psychiatrists enacted its curative powers. Now the deleterious effects are becoming more obvious. Latent psychotics are disintegrating under the influence of even single doses; long-continued LSD experiences are subtly creating a psychopathology. Psychic addiction is being developed, and the lay public is looking for psychiatrists who specialize in its administration.

Here again is the story of evil results from the ill-advised use of a potentially valuable drug, due to unjustified claims, indiscriminate and premature publicity, and lack of proper professional controls. Indeed this editorial is a warning to the psychiatric profession that greater morbidity, and even mortality, is in store for its patients unless controls are developed against the unwise use of LSD-25.

2 VOTES FOR CARSON

THANK YOU, John Lear, for writing The Personality Portrait—LXXXVI, June 1, 1963, issue of *Saturday Review*, of Rachel Carson; and thank you, *Saturday Review*, for publishing it. This tribute should be the frontispiece of the PSAC report on the "Use of Pesticides."

A "fearless" writer for one of our Washington papers describes himself as all in favor of the wonderful work Miss Carson is doing, but does not write his sentiments because he says his paper would not publish anything in conflict with their advertisers!

(MISS) BONNIE BURTON
Washington, D.C.

I AM ALL TOO UNHAPPY to report that our own experience here on twenty acres

And She Didn't Say, "My Heavens!"

THE Soviet Union is continuing its slow and cautious preparation for orbiting two interplanetary spaceships around the earth one after another and then coupling them into a single vehicle while in motion so as to build a vessel large and powerful enough to reach the moon.

Having brought such a pair of spaceships within four miles of each other in August 1962, the Russian rocketeers during June 1963 repeated the maneuver in a slightly different way and narrowed the nearest approach of the two craft to three miles.

There was no possibility of an actual coupling (or rendezvous, as it is called) being achieved in June because the orbital planes of the ships were at different angles in the sky. It was as though two railroad trains were running in the same direction on tracks that crossed each other instead of paralleling toward a point where they might converge by switching.

It seemed evident, however, from the rapid shrinkage of the orbit traveled by the first of the two Soviet cosmonauts, that considerable weight had been added to the leadoff ship. The most reasonable supposition is that this weight is accounted for by new equipment required to accomplish the anticipated coupling. Each ship will need a radar or similar device to sense when the other ship is close enough to attempt a contact. Auxiliary rockets and fuel will be needed to bring the two craft together. And each ship will be equipped with strong hydraulic doors at one end so that after the ships are coupled the crew of one may pass safely into the other half of the then doubled vehicle. Moscow's purpose must have been to learn how high the heavier ships must go to remain steady during the coupling maneuvers.

One of the June space pilots was a man, Lt. Col. Valery Bykovsky. The other was a 26-year-old Russian bachelor girl, Valentina Threshkova, who had almost no preparatory experience beyond parachute jumping in the lowest reaches of earth's atmosphere.

Valery Bykovsky orbited earth eighty-one times. Miss Threshkova orbited forty-eight times. By returning safely home without histrionics after spending more time in space than all the American male astronauts together, this young Soviet woman ended a myth that had been cynically built up in this country—that space pilots were supermen who saved their ships from destruction by some unexplained magic and thereby earned the privilege of saying what the nation's space exploration policy ought to be. Congress and the people henceforth will be less inclined to treat the astronauts as idols and more likely to accept them as brave men with no special claim to wisdom or to scientific knowledge or even to extraordinary technical skill. —J.L.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of farming country in Schoharie County, New York, bears out Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring" (Your Personality Portrait LXXXVI—Patroness of Birdsong)—June 1, 1963).

The past ten years have not changed our habitat except for the better (more berries, rose hips, etc., etc.) to attract birds which were here in abundance when we moved here in 1944. Today: less and less of the same birds, or a complete loss. This year for the first time, one pair of robins in our large back yard and two apple orchards (the neighbor's orchard joins ours) instead of four, five or six pairs. Bluebirds disappeared five-six years ago. I strain my ears to hear meadow-lark and bob-o-link. No warblers this year. White-throat and white crowned sparrow always feasted here from three days to a week other years, but not this year. The yellow warbler and Maryland Yellow-throated nested here every year; now and then I hear a song from each—one of each perhaps—singing for a mate that does not show up? I don't know.

MRS. LAWRENCE STIVER

Richmondville, N.Y.

DOUBLE-THINK

Re: *S.R. of June 1st. W. T. Williams on THE COMPUTER*

Dr. Williams maintains that computers 'think.' Nevertheless he does not ask them whether they agree that they think, nor whether they think that we think. He does not ask them because it is evident to him and to us that in this sense of the word they do not think. On this account it is unwise to apply a term having such a vary broad spectrum of meaning to computer processes which are so restricted in nature. His article was useful in making us think, but it did not worry the computers.

HARRY ASHER

Birmingham, England

NON-FICTION

I READ WITH INTEREST your article in the May 4 issue on Kepler's *Dream*. I would like to refer you to some other references which I believe reflect similar thinking to your own—although perhaps not as prone to draw contemporary analogies.

Although you refer to Mrs. Nicolson's *Roots of Scientific Thought* containing a few "scraps" of the *Dream*, she also devotes pages 43-47 of her *Voyages to the Moon* (Macmillan 1948) to an exposition which parallels yours—both the Moon Voyage and the Personality Sketch. Also see her article "Kepler, The Somnium and John Donne" in *Journal of the History of Ideas I* (1940) pp 259-280.

S. I. WEST

Alexandria, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Professor Marjorie Nicolson's work on John Kepler's "Dream" was recognized in SR/Research for August 6, 1960. Professor Nicolson was concerned with the "Dream's" influence on English literature. She presented the "Dream" as fiction. John Lear's interpretation of the "Dream" treats the "Dream" as a scientific document.*

Race Riots

Continued from page 10

continue, and if the police in many cities continue to treat them as if they were armed marches to burn down City Hall, there will be riots. For, again looking at the 1919 riots, it is easy to see that the thwarting of nonviolent means of protest forces violence upon those who are protesting. Thus the Arkansas sheriff treated the sharecroppers' union, a nonviolent means of carrying on conflict, as if it were an instrument of violence, and for his pains he got the violence he had presumably been trying to avoid.

For this reason the Administration, in addition to seeking legislation that would advance the broad goal of racial equality, would be well advised to work out strategy and tactics for dealing with the precise and limited question of preventing violence. As we have seen, that means keeping the local police impartial in general, and specifically keeping them from treating nonviolent protests as if they were violent.

There is already legal machinery available to serve this end, and the President need not even struggle with Congress to get the necessary legislation. Title 18, Section 242, of the *United States Code provides:*

> Whoever, under color of any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom, willfully subjects any inhabitant of any State, Territory, or District to the deprivation of any rights, privileges, or immunities secured or protected by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or to different punishments, pains, or penalties, on account of such inhabitant being an alien, or by reason of his color, or race, than are prescribed for the punishment of citizens, shall be fined not more than $1,000 or imprisoned not more than one year, or both.

This passage has not so far been used to prevent local police, acting "under color of law," from interfering with peaceful public marches and demonstrations, or to prevent local police and judges from treating Negro pickets differently ("by reason of their race") than they would treat white labor unionists.

There might be problems in trying to use Section 242 in this way. Problems would probably not arise where local firemen who have allowed other sorts of parades turn high-pressure hoses on Negroes who are peacefully demonstrating; in these cases, it would probably be possible to convict the firemen of breaking Section 242. The law could probably also be used against "instant arrests" like those in Jackson, where Negroes carrying American flags and picket signs were scarcely given a chance to step [redacted] of cars onto the pavements be[redacted] being arrested. Such cases show cle[redacted] discrimination "by reason of race" and probably also deprivation of rights of free speech protected by the First and Fourteenth Amendments. But what of cases in which the local police use local ordinances for controlling traffic to prevent large mass demonstrations that are actually interfering with traffic, or use ordinances against restraint of trade to arrest Negroes who organize boycotts? In other words, is it "unneutral" for police to prevent nonviolent protests when such protests are in truth illegal under local law?

There are two answers to this question. First, if the aim of the federal government is to avoid riots, it would be wise to insist on the widest imaginable latitude for nonviolent protest, even if it should violate local laws. Secondly, if the Justice Department pressed these cases, the federal courts would simply have to decide whether each particular case was or was not a violation of Section 242 and whether local ordinances were being applied in such a way as to deny free speech or to discriminate by reason of race.

In any case, there is no reason [redacted] the Justice Department to delay [redacted] application of Section 242 in every case in which local officials frustrate nonviolent protest—even cases where the protests are actually interfering with regular community business. Indeed, warnings that Section 242 is to be applied might well deter many local policemen, firemen, judges, and other public servants from acting as they have been.

The result may be a series of nonviolent confrontations of power and morale, with some white citizens protesting against integration even as Negroes and whites protest against segregation. So be it. The alternative to such nonviolent confrontation is not the restoration of calm and a controlled society, as the President seems to think and to want. The alternative to nonviolent confrontations is riot.

For that reason, the President would do well to take into account these warnings that can be drawn from 1919 of *what needs to be done* to prevent riots. So far he seems to have learned only that riots might happen. He has—laudably—learned also that his weight must be put behind the belief in ra[redacted] equality. But since there is no w[redacted] to get Negroes out of the slums by Labor Day, his present program to deal with the possibility of riots is likely to fail. Immediate steps to insist on police impartiality and to protect nonviolent protest are urgently needed.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 20

staging. In all, the reduction of Debussy to the conditions long considered ideal for Mozart ennobles rather than enfeebles the magnitude of his art.

For those Londoners to whom a Sunday without a pianist playing a concerto would be a Sunday wasted, this week's offered a choice between John Ogdon, England's prize-winner at Moscow, playing Schumann in Festival Hall, and Peter Katin playing Tchaikovsky in Albert Hall. Being unable to arrive at a choice between them, I contrived to hear some of each, though, in the latter case, the attraction was not so much Katin's Tchaikovsky No. 1 as the Tchaikovsky No. 5 conducted by Alexander Melik-Pashayev. He is the principal conductor of the Bolshoi and will make his Covent Garden debut in *Aida* later this week.

As Melik-Pashayev traces the beginning of his career to 1921 (in Georgia), he is hardly an unknown quantity. Indeed, he has been conducting in Moscow for more than thirty years with credit, even with distinction. The reason was quite apparent in performance of the Tchaikovsky 5 with the London Symphony Orchestra. His is far from the common concept of an "impassioned" Russian interpretation of Tchaikovsky, tending rather to the broadly forceful and rhythmically regular. Galina Vishnevskaya made an almost all-Tchaikovsky evening of it by singing arias from *Eugen Onegin* and *Pique Dame*. The exception was the evening-opening *Russlan and Ludmilla* Overture of Glinka.

In appearance, Ogdon is everything a young pianist should not be: stout, bespectaled, bearded. But in action he is many things almost every one of his contemporaries would like to be—assured, impulsive, and, above all else, musical. Most young pianists have more technique than they can utilize advantageously; Ogdon has more than the average and wastes none of it in the projection of a conception which may invite the stigma of "uneven" but is invariably of high personality and persuasiveness. Certainly it is a long time since England has produced a new pianist with so much flair, capacity, and artistic initiative. The program, conducted by John Pritchard (who becomes Musical Director of this orchestra next fall), was otherwise somewhat like an echo from Albert Hall (which has plenty to spare): Rimsky-Korsakov's *Shéhérazade* as a rousing finish to an evening that began with Beecham's transcription of Handel titled *Love in Bath*.

—Irving Kolodin.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

EXPERT TYPING. Manuscripts, etc. Reasonable. Monday-Thursday. CAnal 8-5143 NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED and Photostated. Prompt service. Gordon Hibberd, MOnument 3-7937 NYC evenings.

HUMOR EXCHANGE NEWSLETTER Monthly. George Q. Lewis, 360 First Avenue. NYC.

BOOKS

FREE PAPERBACK CATALOGUES. New York Book Co., Mail Specialists, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

"USED BOOKS FOR SALE" — Another feature of The Booklover's Answer, new bimonthly magazine. One year $2.00. Sample 40¢. TBA, Woodstock 31, New York.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper —we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

REPLETE SERVICES LISTED! Fetched Free! Requested Publications, 187, Mira Loma, California.

"THE INNER EYE"—A very different and beautiful book of stories by a psychiatrist, autographed if desired. $3. 802 Medical Towers Building, Houston, Texas.

OFFICIAL 61 PAGE HISTORY of the Republican Party—spanning 108 years, from Lincoln to Eisenhower. Send $1, postage-paid, to Heritage Records, Box 72, Saratoga, California.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

JAPANESE BOOKS

COLLECTION OF 11TH CENTURY short stories of Japan. The stories are surprisingly humorous, entertaining and modern even though written 900 years ago. Tsutsumi Chunagon Tales, translated by Umeyo Hirano. 105 pp. $2.00. Order by mail. Japan Publications Bureau, Dept. 132, 501 Fifth Avenue, NYC 17. Write for free catalogue.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts — wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 St. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Wantagh, New York.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

LOCATE BOOKS! Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, 12A Mason, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

GOOD BOOKS, Scholarly, Fine and Scarce, from stock. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis 27, Tennessee. Book finders.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES and books. Castro's, 1919 University, Berkeley, California.

ART

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE FOLK PRINTS. Authenticated by Folkcraft Center of Japan. Excellent for collectors, gifts, framing, etc. Limited editions. $6.00-$7.50. Illustrated catalogue, airmail, $1.00 (creditable against first order). Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

WENTWORTH WORKSHOP—paint and vacation in New Hampshire. Brochure. Box B-576.

RECORD MART

GERMAN LITERATURE on records: Goethe, Faust I and II, complete set, $39.95. Adenauer Life Story, 2 record set, $9.95. Ask for catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS AND BOOKS. Italian Publications, 132 West 43rd Street, New York 36.

FRENCH, SPANISH, POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

KEEP UP with life in Europe. Subscribe to German, Swiss, Austrian magazines. Catalogue on request. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, New York 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 47)

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS — Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

SCHOOLS

FARRAGUT. FULLY ACCREDITED college preparatory: Toms River, New Jersey; St. Petersburg, Florida. Naval training. Also Junior School in Florida. Guidance for college, career. Sports, bands. Camp, approved summer school. Catalogue. Admiral Farragut Academy, Box S, Toms River, New Jersey.

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL, a small, coeducational, experimental school for Grades 7, 8, 9, under liberal Quaker leadership at Celo Community in the Black Mountains of N.C. Mail address, Burnsville, N.C.

COLLEGES

ACCREDITED, COED 2-and 4-year college. Suburban New Haven. Moderate cost. Liberal arts, medical technology, secretarial, business administration, accounting. Athletics. Student activities. Catalogue. Quinnipiac College, Hamden 17, Connecticut.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH classes, lectures, library. Only 12 in a class, all teachers native French. Summer term starting soon—courses for adults, teachers, high school students. Air-conditioned. French Institute, 22 East 60th Street, New York 22, PLaza 9-4747.

MANDARIN TEACHING by experienced Chinese teacher. Private or group. MOnument 2-9878 NYC.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 88 countries—all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—restricted interiors—Holy Land narrations with new slides—Oberammergau 1960—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88-page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 10 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 773, 1657 Sawtelle Boulevard, Los Angeles 25.

MUSIC

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL, Rudolf Serkin, Artistic Director. Chamber music concerts, including Bach Cantatas, weekends July 12th to September 2nd. Fridays and Saturdays 8:30 P.M., Sundays 4 P.M. (Labor Day 2:30 P.M.). Tickets $5.00, $3.00. Address: Marlboro Festival, Box 90, Marlboro, Vermont. Telephone 802-254-8163. NYC Information: COlumbus 5-1450.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

HARPSICHORDS—Grand Pianos—superb European imports. Hillmar Teubert, Box 1375, Columbia, S.C.

DOLMETSCH RECORDERS in stock. Also Kueng and Adler. Neupert and Dolmetsch harpsichords. F-M Musical Instruments, 3934 Burky Road, Youngstown, Ohio.

DE BLAISE HARPSICHORDS: For Quality Craftsmanship. 453 West 21st, NYC 11.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

RUTH SLENCZYNSKA—NYC piano teaching studio. ENright 9-1093.

FOR THE GOURMET

INELUCTABLY ESCULENT! Look's "Atlantic" Maine seafoods. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

ENJOY EXQUISITE DELICACIES from Europe. Ask for free Gourmet catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

HOBBIES

105 DIVERSIFIED British Empire 10¢. Approvals included. Linstamps, St. Catharines 414, Ontario.

MAYFLOWER STAMP ALBUM 10¢. 407 illustrations, 64 pages: Approvals accompanying. Niagara Stamps, St. Catharines 714, Ontario.

PHILATELIC JUNGLE 10¢. Fifteen zoological specimens. Approvals included. FREE watermark detector. Crown Stamps, Virgil 314, Ontario.

PERSONALS

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch. Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music, Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 7-3-A, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

MONEY, FUN AND FAME for appearing on TV. Need unusual contestants for quiz show. Are your marriage, job, opinions unique? Call Mrs. Garrett, YUkon 6-3535 NYC between 10 and 6 weekdays.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. 1963 edition only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 6.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

PLAN YOUR SUMMER TRAVELS to include a visit to Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont, for a leisurely examination of her unusual fabrics and garments. Order your coat, cape, skirt of one of the more dramatic of her handwoven Irish woolen fabrics. Circular.

WORLD FAMOUS CLASSICAL GUITARS AND LUTES: Fine collection of the leading masters of Spain and Western Germany shipped on approval. Most reasonably priced. Write for particulars. Locker's—Importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in N. Y.—indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N. Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN ORTHODOXY? American Humanist Association welcomes you! Nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Local chapters, publications. Three month trial membership $1; year, $5. American Humanist Association, Dept. SR5, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

PERSONALS

MAHOGANY PLATES, sizes 9", 12", 15", ha[illegible] by Guatemalen Indians. Write Mrs. Adel[illegible] Morales, Casa Contenta, Panajachel, Guatem[illegible]

THE TEACHER AND AUTOMATION. A research review by several authorities in the field. Price: 25¢. AFT, 716 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

"ANYTHING FOR A FRIEND by Russell Davis makes its point with humor, the best way of all."—Detroit Free Press. "A fresh and refreshing new view of Negro-White relations."—Langston Hughes. "Every kind of racial hypocrite you've ever thought of, and a lot of those you haven't, is impaled by Mr. Davis' light but deadly wit."—St. Louis Post Dispatch. Crown Publishers, NYC. $3.95.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "How to Write a Resume," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement. Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

"POEMS OF PESSIMISM," "The New Materialism," "Poems of People," "Poems of Pain," "Threnody," 25¢ each, $1 complete. Ed Stillman, Box 705, Hallandale, Florida.

FOOT COMFORT, newest free catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

DRIFTWOOD. Beautiful Rocky Mountain sage pieces —$10.50 each. Wood, Box 1592, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

NEW ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM of Independent Study in six-month cycles, beginning and ending [illegible] week on campus. College experience required. [illegible] ing Seminar begins August 18th, 1963. Ple[illegible] quire: Mrs. Polly Holden, Goddard College, Pla[illegible], Vermont.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

BOOKCASES. Revolving Bookcases—2 to 7 shelf units, 18", 20", 24", adjustable—round or square. Barney Feldman Interiors, 4356 Melrose, Los Angeles 29, California.

HAPPY BABIES USE Bobaby diaper inserts. Rash impossible. Used over and over again. Clinically proved Switzerland. Send $2.25 Kiddie Products, 905 Main Street, Manchester, Connecticut.

MANHATTAN, 1877. Beautiful reprint of Currier & Ives aerial view of old Manhattan. 48" x 28", $5.00. Allan Thaler, 18 Charles Street, NYC 14.

COLLEGE DROPOUT. Intellectually disaffected? Independent study in riverside setting 175 miles NYC. Tutorials available with resident master. Some work scholarships. S. Jacoby, Riverside Farm, South Kortright, N.Y.

DRAMATICS TEACHER, 12 years experience, desires position in small coed college, junior college or large high school. Degrees: B.S., M.A. M.R.E. V. Page, 113 West 4th Street, Oswego, N.Y.

PROFESSIONAL WRITER, researcher, translator, seeks assignments, any topic. Quality work. Box D-371.

COLLEGIAN — experienced typist desires summer employment, Kansas City area. Box D-614.

PROOFREADER—free lance. Work at home—will call for and deliver work NYC area. Box D-628.

YOUNG LADY, 23, college educated, French, [illegible] ish, typing; will assist professor, researcher, [illegible] world-wide, September through December. Box 1193, Sheridan, Wyoming.

HELP! Bryn Mawr College, 1963. Gregarious, attractive. Speaks French, Italian, Dutch. Extensive travel experience. Willing to learn. Seeks employment. 522 East Wynnewood Road, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

[redacted]—Major book publishing company has the following career opportunities available. READING, EDITORIAL & SOCIAL STUDIES ASSOCIATE EDITORS—To evaluate, edit and rewrite manuscripts. Must be skilled in editorial techniques and capable of following through on production. ELEMENTARY ENGLISH PROJECT EDITOR—To develop and produce textbooks and supplementary items in the English language arts. Will supervise group of associate editors and be instrumental in maintaining author relations. Must follow through on all production and plan text revisions. ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION EDITOR—To take charge of editorial production of elementary reading series and edit manuscripts. Must have supervisory ability and sound knowledge of copy editing and proofreading. Experience and familiarity with specialized textbook field important. Elementary or High School teaching preferred, but not essential. Salaries based on experience and ability. Please send complete resume including salary requirements to Personnel Department, THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL ANALYSTS (Mid-East Affairs). Research workers to work in Israel for publication. Conduct original research in political, economic problems of Middle East. Graduate degree preferred; fluency in Arabic and knowledge Hebrew desirable. 3 year contract. Call: Mrs. Manoff, PLaza 2-0600 NYC.

DOCTOR AND NURSE needed for fine arts camp. Doctor for July 28th-August 11th. Child free. Nurse for 4 or 8 weeks. Box D-606.

WANTED: Middle-aged, cultured lady, pleasant personality, as secretary aide for summer in New Jersey, part time. Weekly from Monday through Friday. Essential to have New York residence because of commuting time. Shorthand, typing, simple bookkeeping. Please apply in longhand. Box D-635.

EXCELLENT, PRIVATE, MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY seeks experienced film writer-director for social problem TV documentaries supervised by prize-winning producer and aired by commercial station in major market. Skill in interviewing important. Science background helpful. Starting salary [redacted] to $8,000 per year depending on experience. [redacted]89.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Two exciting contemporaries, both with mid-sky feeling. One at $23,500 (3 bedrooms), the other $36,000 (5 bedrooms). Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

SOUTHERN VERMONT COUNTRY HOME—90 scenic acres, 8 room Colonial, fireplace, 1½ baths; sugarhouse; barn; near exceptionally appealing village. Elizabeth Cox, Broker, Cambridgeport, Vermont.

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO. Writer sacrifices by July 15th, charming 2 bedroom adobe, walled landscaped garden, patio, studio space. $15,000. Box D-384.

HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE. High wooded ridge on Connecticut River. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, near hospital, college and new Hopkins Cultural Center. Appraised $40,000. Box D-609.

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. ½ acre, shorefront, beach, marina. Phone VOlunteer 6-5015.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS. 1766 Colonial. Creative work, retirement. Renovated. 9 rooms, 5 fireplaces, 1½ baths. 65 acres. New barn. $22,500. Gould, Box 192, Spencer, Massachusetts.

COMMUTER'S NEW JERSEY TECHBUILT. 2 fireplaces, wall-wall carpeting, wooded acre, etc. $28,000. 201-0A7-1620.

WARDSBORO, VERMONT. No shattered illusions. Every convenience imaginable. Ideal year round country hideaway; 8 rooms, 5 acres. $14,500. Terms available. Box D-640.

For Sale—Furnished

[redacted]OCK, N.Y. Unique modern studio apartment. [redacted] sale, $400 season rent. COlumbus 5-6093 NYC.

For Rent

VERMONT WRITER'S 4 bedroom mountain farm retreat. 120 acres woodland, brook and field. Beautiful all seasons. Basically furnished. Summer or annual. Box D-642.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MUSICIAN'S 2 BEDROOM HOME in fabulous La Jolla, California, Close to beaches. $300 with spacious studio, 2 Steinway grands, fireplace, 1½ baths. Without studio, $250. Available September. Box D-608.

BERKSHIRES—Lovely estate with caretaker. 4 bedrooms, baths, partly furnished, separate studio. Long lease possible. $225. Box D-624.

For Summer Rental

SECLUDED MAGIC MOUNTAIN CHALET, 2 bedrooms. $250 monthly. W. J. Lyttle, Londonderry, Vermont.

CENTRAL N.H. TOWN. Good mountain air, nearby lake. Substantial house, 5 bedrooms, fully equipped and located conveniently. Moderate rent. Part or all summer. Box D-625.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

WASHINGTON, D.C. Individually decorated apartments, town houses. Capitol Hill, N.W., Virginia. Reasonable Rentals. City Dwellers, Inc., 307 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E., Washington, D.C. LI 7-2869.

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—3 or 5 room apartment; also rooms—week, month. Central, fourth house from beach. John A. Baron, 162 South Ocean Avenue.

APARTMENT WANTED

TO SHARE

PIED-A-TERRE WANTED—in good Manhattan, San Francisco, Phoenix or Chicago apartment. Space for few lares et penates and mail forwarding facilities required. Mature, peripatetic, retired male. Box D-613.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small. Can build to suit buyer. ½ mile to quiet village. John H. MacLeod, Wallingford, Vermont.

FLORIDA LAKE LIVING. Home sites near everything. Established area. $390 full price, $5.00 month. Information write Lake Weir Shores 29, Silver Springs, Florida.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20-$1,000 per acre. For brochure write Box B-451.

WATERFRONT "SECOND-HOME" SITES. Thoreau-like country. Utilities. Charming model. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

CAMPS

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

SUMMERLANE, "An American Summerhill." Box 686-R, Rosman, North Carolina.

NATIONS INCORPORATED: Summer Workshop for high school students. Customs and culture of newly emerging nations as seen through eyes of instructors from Africa, Asia and Latin America. Santa Cruz mountains, July 13th-August 2nd. 2126 McKinley, Berkeley 3, California.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

VACATIONS

CRUISE ABOARD your own private charter yacht. Now is the time to book for summer months in the GREEK ISLANDS or the CARIBBEAN WINDWARD & LEEWARD ISLANDS. Write airmail:—V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., P.O. Box 103, Antigua, West Indies.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

INDOLENCE! PRIVACY, INFORMALITY! No Neon! Hundreds miles waterways, trails; all sports. Music Festivals, weekly concerts, summer stock, art colony. Idyllic Adirondack setting, sleeping bags through mansions. Brochures. Vacation Bureau, Schroon Lake, New York.

DISCOVER A MOUNTAIN RETREAT you'll want to come back to. Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

NO SWIMMING POOL! No Television! Just quiet little inn—delightful atmosphere, good food, secluded terrace, in old Manchester village. Within walking distance: excellent golfing, good shopping. A short drive from Manchester's fine Art Center. Ideal for the selective who plan extended visits summer and fall. American Plan rates—by reservation. Manchester Inn, Box 674, Manchester, Vermont.

CAPE COD — casual vacation, de luxe trailer (private toilet), directly on waterfront, center of Cape. Sleeps up to 8. $51.00 weekly, with utilities. Box 458, Brewster, Massachusetts.

WOOD'S LODGE on Schroon Lake, N. Y. Informal, Beach, Tennis, Shuffleboard; Fun, Relaxation. Folder.

MOUNTAIN AND BEACH VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Elevation 2300', bordering Great Smokies. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages. Sand bathing beach, boating, horseback riding, golf, good food. Literate, congenial, informal. Lower September rates. Folder.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 daily, $70 weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE! Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Private beach. Color Brochure. FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 7th year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1963 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

HIGHLAND LODGE AND COTTAGES—180 acres of fun and relaxation on beautiful Caspian Lake, Greensboro, Vermont. Open Spring, Summer and Fall.

YOUR VACATION DREAMS come true. Completely equipped camps with breathtaking view across Rangeley Lake. Fish, swim, hike or just ride around enjoying the Maine countryside. Send for folder—Rangeley View Camps, Box 185, South Shore Drive, Rangeley, Maine.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquility of our breezy, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and serenity of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Marlboro Music, lakes, tennis, golf nearby. Spacious rooms and lounges, imaginative cuisine. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Water Skiing. Couples, Families $90+ weekly. Long Island Phone 516-RO 4-7141.

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 49)

"SUMMER CAMPUS HOLIDAY OF LIVELY ARTS" offers you a New York City vacation week (August 11th-18th) at Henry Hudson Hotel, including FOUR sessions of the United Nations Forum (UN diplomats debating world affairs); FIVE plays with after-theatre seminars; and THREE lecture tours of Museums. COST—$75.00. For details, write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

IN THESE SURROUNDINGS man has the opportunity for reflection and spiritual enrichment. Aware only of the gentle stimuli of forest and sea, he may, if he so chooses, spend hours without sight or sound of another human being. He can relax as never before, slough off the mental armor that mainland life demands, recapture a oneness, a wholeness of self. The Island Inn, Box G, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

WATCH ROCK LODGE, Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Spacious rooms, Jewish-American Cuisine, Sports. Instruction: Dancing, Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's Day Camp. Family Plan Special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. FLushing 8-8830 NYC.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

ADIRONDACKS. Small, informal. Hiking, picnics, fishing; a hammock in the sun or a rocking chair by the fire. Activities for children. Folder. Trail's End, Keene Valley, New York.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

EAST BAY LODGE on Cape Cod, only 100 yards from the sea. Warm salt water swimming. All summer sports, planned activities. $13 up daily includes three superlative meals. Contact Gordon Trolley, Osterville 6, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

UNIQUE COTTAGE AND CABIN COLONY in deep woods on an unspoiled lake near Tanglewood. No highways, towns—just pure relaxation, good food, Hi-Fi, sports, ideal hiking, unsurpassable loafing: lounging patio, sunbathing floats, lakeview terrace, game room, card room, 1,000 volume library. 37th Season! Probably the place you have been looking for. No "dressing up," no swank, no jukebox, but plenty of unhurried fun. Chanterwood, Box 31, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

TRUE. No need to bring any magazines with you. Look, you'll have the Time of your Life. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

THE FALES—500 wooded Berkshire acres. Pine-paneled cottages. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

MERRIEWOODE, Highland Lake, Stoddard, New Hampshire, Hilltop 6-3349, Suggests that if you must have intelligent companionship, great beauty of environment, good food and plentiful, and things to do, MERRIEWOODE has them all to give. Nonsectarian.

"EDGEFIELD." We give our guests quiet, cleanliness, and unsurpassed home cooking in a kindly, dignified atmosphere. Our eight acres located on lake in small (300) village. Fishing, swimming, golfing opportunities are good; the air unbelievably pure and conducive to sound sleep. Ideal for peaceful vacation with a book or a project. Box 36, Casco, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. June to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

NATURE LOVERS, creative people. Find peace, quiet, beautiful scenery, charming old-world home, Individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y., near lovely Cooperstown.

ALOHA MANOR FAMILY BUNGALOWS, Farm House Inn Resort, "Sleep-Away" or Day Camp for children. Swimming, sailing, water skiing. Pony, tennis. Golf: 2 miles or 20 at Dartmouth and Summer theatre. Booklet: Harriet Gulick Pierce, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

40-ACRE LAKE MICHIGAN ESTATE. Complete family resort; Chamber and folk music concerts; Artist in residence and gallery. Write Sleepy Hollow, South Haven 1, Michigan.

TRAVEL

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longin[redacted]a[redacted] hiti? There's a South Seas Paradise withi[redacted] your vacation schedule—and checkbook! [redacted] tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboar[redacted] ficent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informa 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale Florida.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—becaus it offers everything you'll want and more! In th heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright anc cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking th East River and near everything of interest. Tw excellent but moderate priced restaurants plu famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with it spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline Best of all are the attractive rates—especially fo groups and families. Inclusive 2 or 3 day weekenc package combinations. And if you are driving t New York write for helpful city driving map. Colo folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Towe Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17 Tel. 212-EL 5-7300.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guide book gives complete information on hundreds o lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to al parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, give addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed fo planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.'s). Ford's Freighte Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue Los Angeles 25, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on run ning with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms wit bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure [redacted] of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard [redacted] largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurel explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete bare foot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skin diving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast — $175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39 Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchen ettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100

ALAN WATTS Japan Tour 6 weeks Autumn 1963 Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Room 601, 323 Geary Street, San Francisco, California.

PHILADELPHIA (Penn Campus, "University City") Culture continues through Summer: Lumadrama, the atres, museums. $5 single, $7 double, none higher all private baths, most television and air-condi tioned. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th. 215 EVergreen 6-7100.

CRUISE THE MAINE COAST. Sail aboard the Schoone "Stephen Taber." $125 weekly, special rates fo September. For illustrated folder write Capt. C Cousins, Down East Cruises, East Blue Hill, Maine Telephone Blue Hill 374-2285.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 per week Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Con venient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

JOIN A UNIQUE RAIL SAFARI. Some of the [redacted] most arresting sights pass by this private Ra[redacted] observation train in continuous panorama—Glacie Park, Vancouver, Victoria, San Francisco, Mes Verde Park, New Orleans and Great Smoky Moun tains. Sixteen days of glorious sightseeing, relaxatio and adventure. From Chicago—two Autumn Ra Safaris—September 14th and September 30th. Rate from $660. For reservations write Robert T. Stevens Jr., Loudoun National Bank Building, Leesburg, Vir ginia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1526

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Completed by Word E, adjective for those men who "fight for the right they adore" in the popular song by Romberg.

B. Creature of whom a Sheridan character said it could be "crossed in love".

C. Second of two antonymic things Polonius told Laertes not to be.

D. One of Job's three "false comforters".

E. See Word A.

F. A grass valuable for many things except velvety lawns.

G. Highest note of either of the two higher Greek tetrachords.

H. Designating a progressive tense.

I. Two words which will probably be affixed to the name of the present Prince of Wales when he becomes king.

J. Possession of Lochinvar which was the best "Through all the wide Border".

K. What the graves would do, in our words, at the time of night when Puck swept "the dust behind the door" (2 wds.).

L. Fickle heroine in *Pagliacci*.

WORDS

98 137 106 63 85

170 136 72 78 131 25

9 141 66 81 150 109

29 70 102 79 59 82

134 108 112 75 31 48 62

119 105 18 35 50 156 7

23 159 143 5

51 96 140 155 124 172 14 100 36

40 130 80 133 161 153 148 53

92 160 61 88 142

163 147 71 132 152 65 113 101

69 162 10 151 17

DEFINITIONS

M. Saturate.

N. Where Goldsmith's "Reverend Doctor Primrose" lived.

O. Useful mineral, a variety of amphibole or serpentine.

P. City where Washington received the famous letter urging him to become king, 1782.

Q. Put aside until some future time.

R. Person or thing which corrodes the surface of anything as with acid.

S. Two words introducing Brutus's "answer" to his accusers in the death of Caesar.

T. Indecorous.

U. Heroine of popular German folk tale glorified several years ago by Walt Disney (2 wds.).

V. Tragic father of Antigone.

W. Following "in", with regard to (2 wds.).

X. Three words often run together as one, to form a conjunction of restrictive meaning.

Y. Haggle.

Z. Extreme depression or apprehension; colloquially, *delirium tremens* (after *the*).

WORDS

15 128 38 158 56

122 104 116 173 64 43 169 135

97 57 146 90 77 171 22 115

164 127 129 149 39 27 67 144

33 123 46 145 168

167 73 58 126 52 95

1 32 49 54 111 117 44

83 76 60 154 121 118 165 13

68 107 2 6 41 47 99 125 114

3 34 120 94 139 8 21

166 45 30 87 138 84

20 4 110 74 93 12 157

11 42 91 16 26 24 174

37 55 103 19 28 89 86

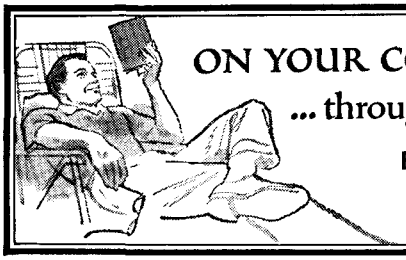
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative lengths of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 S	2 U		3 V	4 X	5 G		6 U	7 F	8 V	9 C	10 L		11 Y
12 X	13 T	14 H		15 M	16 Y		17 L		18 F	19 Z	20 X	21 V	22 O	23 G	24 Y	25 B
	26 Y	27 P	28 Z	29 D	30 W		31 E	32 S		33 Q	34 V	35 F	36 H	37 Z		38 M
39 P	40 I		41 U	42 Y	43 N	44 S		45 W	46 Q		47 U	48 E		49 S	50 F	51 H
52 R	53 I		54 S	55 Z		56 M	57 O	58 R	59 D	60 T	61 J		62 E	63 A	64 N	65 K
66 C	67 P		68 U	69 L	70 D	71 K	72 B	73 R	74 X	75 E	76 T	77 O		78 B	79 D	80 I
	81 C	82 D	83 T	84 W	85 A	86 Z		87 W	88 J	89 Z	90 O		91 Y	92 J		93 X
94 V	95 R	96 H		97 O	98 A		99 U	100 H	101 K		102 D	103 Z	104 N	105 F	106 A	107 U
108 E	109 C	110 X		111 S	112 E	113 K		114 U	115 O	116 N	117 S	118 T	119 F	120 V		121 T
122 N	123 Q	124 H		125 U	126 R	127 P	128 M		129 P	130 I	131 B	132 K		133 I	134 E	135 N
136 B		137 A	138 W	139 V	140 H	141 C	142 J		143 G	144 P	145 Q		146 O	147 K	148 I	149 P
150 C	151 L		152 K	153 I	154 T	155 H		156 F	157 X	158 M	159 G		160 J	161 I	162 L	163 K
	164 P	165 T	166 W	167 R	168 Q		169 N	170 B	171 O		172 H	173 N	174 Y			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



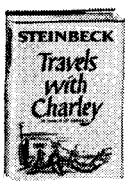
ON YOUR COMING VACATION CATCH UP ON YOUR READING...

...through a trial membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

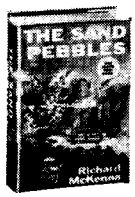
FOR SELF-APPRAISAL: CHECK THE BOOKS YOU HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY EAGER TO READ BUT HAVE FAILED TO—THROUGH OVERBUSYNESS

You may choose Any Three *for* $1 *each...*

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL CLUB CHOICES—AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES—WITHIN A YEAR

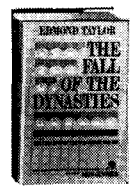


553. TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY *by* JOHN STEINBECK (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



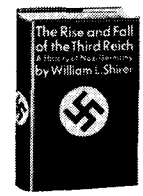
567. THE SAND PEBBLES *by* RICHARD MC KENNA (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

563. FAIL-SAFE *by* EUGENE BURDICK *and* HARVEY WHEELER. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

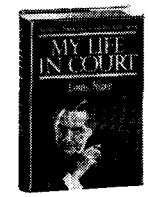


572. THE FALL OF THE DYNASTIES *by* EDMOND TAYLOR Maps. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)

575. THE TIN DRUM *by* GUENTER GRASS (Publisher's retail price $6.95)

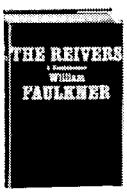


431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Publisher's retail price $10)

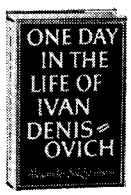


521. MY LIFE IN COURT *by* LOUIS NIZER. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

552. SILENT SPRING *by* RACHEL CARSON. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $5)



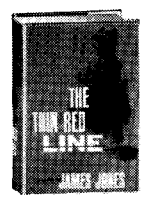
547. THE REIVERS *by* WILLIAM FAULKNER. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



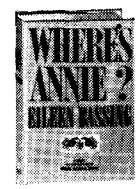
574. ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN. (Publisher's retail price $3.95)

540. THE ROTHSCHILDS *by* FREDERIC MORTON Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $5.95)

570. IN THE CLEARING *by* ROBERT FROST. (Publisher's retail price $4)

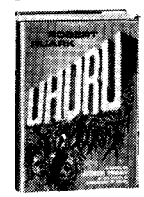


571. THE THIN RED LINE *by* JAMES JONES (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



573. WHERE'S ANNIE? *by* EILEEN BASSING. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

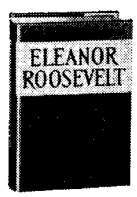
539. SHIP OF FOOLS *by* KATHERINE ANNE PORTER (Publisher's retail price $6.50)



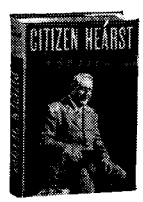
550. UHURU ROBERT RUARK (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

576. THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS 33 FAMILIES *by* AMY LA FOLLETTE JENSEN. Illus. (Publ. ret. price $12.50)

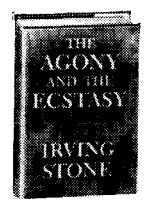
559. YOUNG-BLOOD HAWKE *by* HERMAN WOUK (Publisher's retail price $7.95)



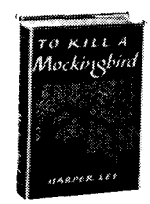
541. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $6.95)



522. CITIZEN HEARST *by* W. A. SWANBERG. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)



455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY *by* IRVING STONE (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



435. TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD *by* HARPER LEE. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

523. THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN Illustrated. (Publ. retail price $6.95)

487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Publisher's retail price $6)

THE BEST LIBRARY-BUILDING SYSTEM EVER DEVISED: BOOK-DIVIDENDS

THE TRIAL membership suggested here will not only prove how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another equally important advantage enjoyed by members: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system Book-of-the-Month Club members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

* **During this trial and thereafter, if you continue,** you will receive, *with every Club choice you buy*, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from a catalog listing more than a hundred fine library volumes whose publishers' retail prices now average $7. This is probably the most economical means of building a well-rounded personal library ever devised. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, more than $280,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique profit-sharing plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A166-7-1
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send me the three books whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $3.00.† I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. The price† will never be more than the publisher's retail price, and frequently less. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). During this trial and thereafter, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or alternate—I buy (not including the books for $1 each chosen in this enrollment offer). Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a Book-Dividend* which I may choose from a wide variety always available. **PLEASE NOTE:** Whenever two or more books are offered together at a special combined price, such a purchase is counted as a *single book* in earning Book-Dividend Certificates and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices.

†A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

Selections and alternates for Canadian members are usually priced† slightly higher and are shipped from Toronto *duty free.*

9

**Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED